National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

THE STORY OF IDA MAY.

It is a criticism not unfrequently made upon Ida May that the ground-work of the plot—the kidnapping of a white girl into slavery—is too improbable, too outrageously improbable, to come within the legitimate scope of fiction. Those who urge this objection are of course ignorant of the commonest facts of slavery. They are ignorant of *three things* which have been proved upon the system beyond the possibility of denial or doubt, which are, *first*, that kidnapping free persons and selling them to the slaveholders is a crime of frequent occurrence; *second*, that whites, or persons who cannot by their appearance be distinguished from whites, are held as slaves; and, *thirdly*, that free white children have, in several instances, been kidnapped and sold as slaves.

Let us look at the facts. Judge Stroud, of Pennsylvania, in his work on the slave laws, says:

"Remote as is the city of Philadelphia from those slaveholding States in which the introduction of slaves from places within the territory of the United States is freely permitted, and where also the market is tempting, *it has been ascertained that more than thirty free coloured persons, mostly children, have been kidnapped here and carried away within the last two years.* Five of these, through the kind interposition of several humane gentlemen, have been restored to their friends, though not without great expense and difficulty. The others are still retained in bondage."

This is pretty strong testimony. Thirty free persons, mostly children, kidnapped from the single city of Philadelphia in the short space of two years. This was several years ago. Here is a case of later date: On the 13th of December, 1851, a young coloured woman, Mary E. Parker, residing in Chester County, Pennsylvania, was seized, in the evening, by two kidnappers, carried to Baltimore, and sold, and transported to New Orleans. A fortnight later, December 30th, her sister, Rachel Parker, was forcibly taken from the house of Joseph C. Miller by two men, who carried her to Baltimore and sold her. By the active exertions of their friends in Chester County, these girls were recovered, and, after legal investigation, restored to freedom and their homes in Pennsylvania.

The case of Solomon Northup is so well known, and so fresh in the public mind, that it need not be detailed. He was a free coloured citizen of Washington County, New York, who was kidnapped in 1841, and sold south until he reached a plantation on Red River, from which, after twelve years of bondage, he was redeemed by the exertions of an agent sent out for the purpose by Governor Hunt, of New York. His kidnappers have recently been arrested, tried and convicted of their crime.

The latest case on record is related by the Maysville (Ky.) *Gazette*, in November last. Three brothers, Henry, Lewis and Allen Young, entered a house near Georgetown, Ohio, at midnight, seized a negro girl, carried her over to Kentucky, and secreted her near Maysville till they could find an opportunity to sell her. She managed to escape, and, getting into Maysville, gave an account of the outrage to some of the citizens, by whom the kidnappers were arrested and delivered up to the authorities of Ohio for trial.

It may be said, in reply, that these cases are all of blacks; that granting that blacks are sometimes kidnapped and sold, it does not follow that a white child could be, because her colour would be *prima facie* evidence of freedom. To set aside this objection, it is only necessary to look into those faithful and unimpeachable records of the condition of the slaves, the advertisement of fugitives which are so common in Southern journals.

In the Richmond *Whig*, January 6 1836, Anderson Bowles offered one hundred dollars reward for the apprehension of his runaway slave, Edmund Kenney, who, he says, "*has straight hair, and complexion so nearly white that it is believed a stranger would suppose there was no African blood in him.*"

In the Nashville *Whig*, July 14, 1849, A. W. Johnson offered two hundred dollars reward for the apprehension of his fugitive slave Julia, whom he describes as "of common size, *nearly white* and very likely. *She may attempt to pass for white.*"

In the Chattanooga (Tenn.) *Gazette*, Oct. 5, 1752, George O. Ragland offers five hundred dollars reward for his fugitive slave Wash, who "*might pass himself as a white man*, as he is very bright, *has sandy hair, blue eyes*, and a fine set of teeth."

In Mobile, April 22, 1837, Edwin Peck advertised "a bright mulatto man slave named Sam," who, he says, "*has light, sandy hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion, and is so white as very easily to pass for a free white man.*"

About the same time, S. G. Stewart, of Green County, Alabama, advertised his slave Alfred, "*with blue eyes, light flaxen hair, and skin disposed to freckle.*"

In the same State of Alabama, John Balch, of Tuscaloosa, May 29, 1845, advertised his slave Fanny, "*who is as white as most white men*, with straight light hair, and blue eyes, and can pass herself for a white woman."

These are but specimens of a large class of similar advertisements which are constantly paraded before the eyes of the Southern community in their newspapers. They show conclusively that that white slaves are not uncommon, and that the fact that a girl offered for sale had the features of the white race, and even a white complexion, would not necessarily prevent her from being accepted and held as a slave.

There is, however, on record a comparatively recent and very remarkable case, which is, if possible, stronger than the fictitious one of Ida May, and which was doubtless in the mind of the author of that work when forming the plot of her novel. It is the case of the German girl Salomé Muller, decided by the Supreme Court of Louisiana, in 1845. The facts are these:

In March, 1818, three ships arrived at New Orleans bringing several hundred German emigrants from the province of Alsace on the lower Rhine. Among them were Daniel Muller and his two daughters, Dorothea and Salomé, whose mother had died on the passage. Soon after his arrival, Muller, taking with him his two daughters, both young children, went up the river to Attakapas parish to work on the plantation of John F. Miller. A few weeks later, his relatives, who had remained at New Orleans, learned that he had died of the fever of the country. They immediately sent for the two girls, but they had disappeared, and the relatives, notwithstanding repeated and persevering inquiries and researches, could find no traces of them. They were at length given up for dead. Dorothea was never again heard of, nor was anything known of Salomé from 1818 till 1843.

In the summer of that year, Madame Karl, a German woman who had come over in the same ship with the Mullers, was passing through a street in New Orleans, and accidentally saw Salomé in a wine-shop, belonging to Louis Belmonte, by whom she was held as a slave. Madame Karl recognised her at once, and carried her to the house of another German woman, Mrs. Schubert, who was Salomé's cousin and god-mother, and who no sooner set eyes on her than, without having any intimation that the discovery had been previously made, she unhesitatingly exclaimed, "My God! here is the long-lost Salomé Muller."

The *Law Reporter*, in its acount of this case, says:

"As many of the German emigrants of 1818 as could be gathered together were brought to the house of Mrs. Schubert, and every one of the number who had any recollection of the little girl upon the passage, or any acquaintance with her father and mother, immediately identified the woman before them with the long-lost Salomé Muller. By all these witnesses, who appeared at the trial, the identity was established in the strongest terms. The family resemblance in every feature was declared to be so remarkable that some of the witnesses did not hesitate to say that they should know her among ten thousand; that they were as certain that the plaintiff was Salomé Muller, the daughter of Daniel and Dorothea Muller, as of their own existence."

Among the witnesses who appeared in Court was the midwife who had assisted at the birth of Salomé. She testified to the existence of certain peculiar marks upon the body of the child, which were found, exactly as described, by the surgeons who were appointed by the Court to make an examination for the purpose.

There was no trace of African descent in any feature of the face of Salomé Muller. She had long, straight black hair, hazel eyes, thin lips and a Roman nose. The complexion of her face and neck was as dark as that of the darkest brunette. It appears, however, that, during the twenty-five years of her servitude, she had been exposed to the sun's rays in the hot climate of Louisiana, with head and neck unsheltered, as is the custom of the female slaves, labouring in the cotton or the sugar field. The parts of her person which had been shielded from the sun were comparatively white.

Belmonte, the pretended owner of the girl, had obtained possession of her by an act of sale from John F. Miller, the planter in whose service Salomé's father died. This Miller was a man of consideration and substance, owning large sugar estates, and bearing a high reputation for honour and honesty, and for indulgent treatment of his slaves. It was testified on the trial that he had said to Belmonte, a few weeks after the sale of Salome, "that she was white, and had as much right to her freedom as any one, and was only to be retained in slavery by care and kind treatment." The broker who negotiated the sale from Miller to Belmonte, in 1838, testified in Court that he then thought, and still thought, that the girl was white!

The case was elaborately argued on both sides, but was at length decided in favour of the girl, by the Supreme Court declaring that "she was free and white, and therefore unlawfully held in bondage."

The Rev. George Bourne, of Virginia, in his Picture of Slavery, published in 1834, relates the case of a white boy who, at the age of seven, was stolen from his home in Ohio, tanned and stained in such a way that he could not be distinguished from a person of colour, and then sold as a slave in Virginia. At the age of twenty, he made his escape, by running away, and happily succeeded in rejoining his parents. These and other examples which might be adduced are amply sufficient to defend the story of Ida May from the charge of improbability, which never would have been brought against it by any one conversant with the workings and developments of the "peculiar institution."—*Boston Atlas.*

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondence of the New York Journal of Commerce.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, Dec. 23, 1854.

I learn, from very good authority, that the fundamental article of the Hawaiian annexation treaty provides for the immediate admission of the Islands into this Union, as an independent and sovereign State. They are to come into the Union as Texas did, and are to be represented, of course, in the next Congress, by two Senators. But Texas was very different, her territory being contiguous, and her institutions similar to ours, and her population, for the most part, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. The Sandwich Islands are a long way off, and in mid ocean, not contiguous enough to our coast to render them natural dependencies of the continent. The native population are of a race different from our own, and it would be the greatest hypocrisy to flatter them that we shall ever consider or treat them as equals. This Republic has never admitted the principle of the equality of race in political and social life. It has admitted none of the inferior races to a participation in the direction of public affairs.

But who asks us to leave our own continent and seek foreign acquisitions? An Administration that looks for popularity in carrying out what they consider the expansive policy of the country. But to run riot with a principle is not the best way to carry it out. That there is no political or commercial necessity for the acquisition of the Sandwich Islands, every one admits. No foreign powers offer to seize upon the Islands. But any foreign naval power with which we are at peace would give us all the use of the Islands that we want of them; and if we were at war with that naval power, how could we keep the Islands? Shall we erect a dozen forts, each costing what the Moro Castle cost—sixty millions of dollars? Shall we create a naval establishment equal to that of France, and support it by oppressive internal taxation? The propositions are too absurd for consideration.

The argument of commercial convenience, in this case, proves too much; for it might be convenient to own every foreign port where we have a trade.

The California politicians are urgent for the annexation of the Islands. So they are for the acquisition and annexation of Sonora and Lower California. The popular sentiment of California is in favour of these projects. At the expense of the prosperity of the Union, they would impose upon its Treasury a vast burden. This is a system of policy, taken together, which contemplates the early dismemberment of the Union, by the separation from it of the Pacific slope, upon the occurrence of the first foreign war.

I trust and believe that the Senate will blow the project and its authors sky high.

From The Evening Post.

Col. W. L. Kinney's expedition for the colonization of Central America, and the establishment of a confederate republic in conjunction with the several States there, is nearly ready to start. I am told by the Colonel that he expects to sail with three hundred emigrants from the port of New York before the end of January. These men have all made their arrangements, as well as one thousand more from Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans and other cities, who go on their own responsibility and separately. The proposal is, to pay those who enlist as soldiers and officers the same monthly compensation as they would receive in the service of the United States, the former also receiving a grant of 640 acres, and the latter 1,280. The non-fighting settlers, who are expected to support themselves, will have about 160 acres a man, if they emigrate within the first twelve months. The climate and soil are reported by geographers and by visitors from the proposed region of settlement to be exceedingly inviting. It extends from about nine degrees north to fifteen north latitude, and of course great stories of its vegetable and mineral resources abound.

With regard to the *Tribune's* statement that the expedition is a scheme of the Nicaragua Transit Co., Col. Kinney says that it is incorrect; a few men connected with that company are concerned in this, but they are but a small proportion, and could not convert this into an instrument for the purposes of the Transit Company. He also says that any one who chooses may investigate the books and see the names of all the stockholders of the Central American Association.

Those who emigrate must throw off their allegiance to the United States Government, the aid of which is neither invoked nor expected to promote the enterprise. Assurances have been received from influential men in the Central American States that leave no doubt in Col. Kinney's mind of the coöperation of those Governments in establishing a Central American Republic, which shall embrace, in union with the American colony, all the other sovereignties in that region—thus, probably, settling, in a very summary way, the Mosquito question, and other matters in dispute between the United States and Great Britain.

This company derives its title from the Mosquito King, who sold the land in 1839. Whether this negro-Indian be a legitimate sovereign or not, or whether the title in other respects be valid or not, is their look-out. It has been declared valid by some of our most conservative statesmen, but if the members of the expedition choose to emigrate and encounter the risk of sustaining it even by force of arms, they must take the consequences, and I do not see how the Administration can be required to interfere in its suppression or encouragement.

The State Department is entirely mum on the Dominica question. Whatever is known concerning the result of the "Two-horse Mission" has not certainly come from Washington.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Dec. 27.

Your remarks upon the late speech of Colonel Benton, read to the House by his colleague, Mr. Oliver, expresses the general feeling of the friends of Freedom in Washington. He has fallen never to rise again. His lapse will not gain him a friend in the ranks of pro-slavery men, while he forfeits the confidence of those with whom he has lately acted. It is worthy of remark in this connection that the Legislature of Missouri, either now in session or shortly to assemble, is composed of 40 Bentonites, 60 Whigs and 60 Atchison Loco-Focos. The Whigs, therefore, hold the balance of power, and, though less pro-slavery than the Atchison men, they are for admitting Kansas with slavery. The speech of Mr. Benton is therefore opportune, considering that a Senator is to be elected; but he will not be trusted, and will fall to the ground, "unwept, unbonoured and unsung." For one, I never believed in Benton's Free Soilism, and said so when his Northern popularity was at its height. Until about the year 1846 he was distinguished for his bitter hostility to anti-slavery in every form, and I have never had any certain evidence of his conversion. I incline to the opinion that another Southern man, who has received his full share of applause from the North for his course on the Nebraska bill, will be found wanting when weighed in the balance. But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. As a general rule, I would not promote a newly-converted old sinner to the high places of the Church. If he be truly converted, then his modesty will restrain him from asking anything but a free pardon of his sins; while, if he be after the bag, or the loaves and fishes, he deserves nothing.

The *Baltimore Clipper* is one of the most liberal newspapers in this quarter on the subject of slavery; but I doubt if it would be willing to carry out, in this country, its doctrine of intervention, which it lays down for foreign nations. The Editor urges upon the Federal Government the duty of protecting Americans abroad in their religious enterprises. Among those Missionary schemes is the effort to introduce the Bible into Spain, Italy, Greece, &c. These Missionaries the *Clipper* would protect by all the powers of the Federal Government, although their object and tendency is to overthrow the institutions of other lands. Yet I imagine the *Clipper* would loudly denounce the scheme of Missionaries to spread the Bible among American slaves; and if the Federal Government should undertake to uphold the enterprise, the same paper would undoubtedly declare for a dissolution of the Union. It is by such inconsistencies that Southern men are continually furnishing weapons for overthrowing their bulwarks of exclusiveness.

The purchaser of Anthony Burns is David McDaniel, of Nash County, North Carolina, a whilom acquaintance of mine. He is a horse-racer and gambler by profession, of Virginia origin, and recruited his fortune, about a dozen years ago, by marrying a young lady of the county in which he lives. Anthony, having many friends in Boston, cannot they raise a few hundred dollars for his restoration to his family and friends? His case is a hard one every way, and particularly that, after having tasted the sweets of freedom, he should be thrust back into the gloom of slavery. Who will move in the matter? Observer.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Dec. 27, 1854.

No official confirmation of the rumoured purchase of the Galapagos Islands by the United States has been received at the State Department, and the report is regarded with incredulity, although Ex-Senator Benjamin, of Louisiana, has been operating as Commissioner for three months with the governments of Peru and Ecuador, to secure for this country a share in the guano privileges. Certain it is that the Government at Washington will be taken by surprise by the news of so complete a cession as the entire islands. It already begins to question the desirableness of extending our empire over possessions so expensive in their acquisition, and, in the event of war with any great maritime power, so difficult to maintain and protect. The Administration has, for the present, enough to do in looking to our interests on our own Continent.

Mr. Whitfield, the Delegate from Kansas, gives another version of the story of the Atchison foray into Kansas, on the day of the election. He says the so-called marauders had previously marked out their lands, and taken *bona fide* oaths to qualify themselves as settlers, and had only returned to sell their former estates in Missouri. Many of them having disposed of their Missouri possessions, went over to stay permanently in the new settlements at the time of depositing their votes, and those who merely went for the day intended to settle just as soon as the state of their affairs in Missouri would allow. Both Whitfield and Atchison complain strongly of what they pronounce to be misrepresentations circulated to their disadvantage.

Mr. Sumner's resolution requesting the Committee on Foreign Affairs to consider the propriety of offering the mediation of the United States to the belligerent Governments of Europe, for the removal of their controversy from the umpirage of war, meets with the favourable regard of all parties, and there is reason to believe that the project is decidedly approved by the leading members of the Cabinet.

Correspondence of The North American and U. S. Gazette.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27, 1854.

The Committee on Commerce of the House of Representatives have prepared, and will soon report, a very important bill on the subject of alien paupers and criminals. Under the provisions of this bill no foreign passenger shall hereafter be admitted into a port of the United States unless he shall have the certificate of the American Consul of the place from which he comes, that he has not, for one year previous to his departure, been an inmate of a jail or workhouse, and that he has not, for four years previously, been convicted of any criminal offence except such as are designated political crimes.

If any captain shall bring such persons without the required certificates, he shall be liable to fine and imprisonment. The vessel in which such persons arrive shall be subject to forfeiture. The introduction of a bill like this will, no doubt, give rise to a violent opposition; but as the necessity of this measure is generally admitted by the American portion of our population, it must ultimately become a law.

Correspondence of The Baltimore Sun.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Dec. 27, 1854.

As I have already informed you, the Committee on Foreign Relations, in the House, will report unanimously in favour of the people of the United States offering their mediation to Russia, on the one side, and to the Allied Powers on the other. This will be a gracious act on the part of our country, though the mediation may, for the present, be declined. The probability is, neither party would be likely to treat till either Sebastopol has fallen or the British and French have been expelled from the Crimea.

Three new States are launched to-day. The three new Territories proposed are Chilotee, Wargogee and Chota.

Correspondence of The Times.

WASHINGTON, December 28.

Mr. Sumner's proposition to offer the mediation of the United States for the settlement of the Eastern war is gaining strength every day. It is evidently viewed with much favour by the Russian Legation here; and there is good reason to believe that if the mediation is tendered, it will be cordially and promptly accepted by Russia. Mr. Sumner will press his resolution upon the Senate on Tuesday next, when Mr. Clayton has signified his intention to advocate it heartily. It is also now believed that Mr. Mason, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs is favourably disposed on the subject, and that Secretary Marcy will be very glad to draw up a despatch tendering the mediation, if it shall be authorised.

I understand that the attention of the President was called to this subject of mediation some ten or eleven months ago; and at Mr. Marcy's first diplomatic dinner, given, I think, in May last, an incident occurred, having a bearing upon the question, which reminds me of a saying of John Quincy Adams, to the effect that some of the gravest diplomatic questions or expressions are not unfrequently masked beneath a jest. At the dinner the war very naturally became a topic of conversation—when Mr. Marcy, addressing himself to the representatives of several of the powers most directly interested, laughingly said, "Suppose, now, we should step in and settle all your difficulties for you, by tendering our mediation, what would you think of it?" The diplomats, who are accustomed to look for meaning and point even in a jest, took the hint at once—and I have reason to know that the "jest" became the subject of several long dispatches to European Governments, filled with speculations as to the probability of our mediation being tendered. Still, the opportunity for mediation passed, and the President failed to embrace it. It certainly will be well to try it now.

Correspondence of The Philadelphia Bulletin.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Dec. 28, 1854.

The Committee of Territories in the House of Representatives reported yesterday in favour of a grant of two millions of acres of public land to aid in the construction of a Subterranean Line of Telegraph from the Mississippi or Missouri Rivers to the Pacific Ocean. The Committee say the project contemplated here of transcendent public concern, and possesses the merits of *practicability* and *early completion*. It can have the encouragement of the Government.

THE KANSAS OUTRAGE.

We mean to give "line on line and precept on precept," in exposure of the gigantic fraud recently perpetrated in Kansas under the banner of "Popular Sovereignty." Here is a graphic letter from the Kansas correspondent of the Milwaukee *Sentinel and Gazette*:

LAWRENCE, K. T., Thursday, Dec. 7, 1854.

The election for Delegate to Congress has passed, and the result, the means made use of to secure, and the measures and consequences which are to follow that result, afford ample subjects for thought and serious concern to the minds of those who desire the prosperity not only, but the perpetuity of our republican institutions. Never in the history of our government has such an outrage, so barefaced, so unscrupulous, and so extended, been perpetrated.

There were from 1,200 to 1,500 votes imported directly from Missouri for the occasion. Nobody questions it, nobody doubts it. The free expression of the will of the people is trampled under foot, and the principle of even the "popular sovereignty" of Douglas and Whitfield, set at defiance by the latter, through his unscrupulous tools in Missouri.

Gov. Reeder, on the 5th instant, gave to Whitfield his certificate of election, after several days, delay and persistent refusal, and he started that evening for Washington. What moral force such a man, so elected, and returned, can exert in Washington (I mean in Congress, not in the saloons, where he is perfectly at home), he will probably ascertain after he gets there.

I think I told you in my last of some of the appliances made use of, particularly in District No. 2, at Douglass, where one of the judges advised, if any "d—d Yankee" should offer to vote, he should be knocked down, killed, and thrown into the Kansas; and where also one of them tore up at least one of the Wakefield tickets, saying, as he did so, that it was rotten, and supplied its place with a Whitfield ticket. Gov. Reeder said that at Ft. Leavenworth the Whitfieldites formed a line, arm in arm, around the polls, and every vote offered was inspected; and if right, it was passed over to the box; if not, it was not permitted to pass. We are also informed by other authority that it was currently reported there, and believed, that Wakefield had withdrawn from the canvass. This explains the fact of his not receiving a vote there, and this is probably true also of other districts.

In the District including the Kickapoo Indians, two barrels of "Whitfield whiskey" were rolled out for gratuitous use, a gun was fired over the heads of the Judges, the Indians were made drunk and incited to an attack on the Judges, who escaped with the ballot-box out of a back door. A man who claimed to be a Free State man, but acknowledged he voted a Whitfield ticket in District No. 7, because "we were school-mates together, and what else *could* I do?" told me he saw hundreds of Missourians there, armed with pistols, who voted the Whitfield ticket. In that District the legal votes do not exceed 150, yet there were over 600 votes cast.

In the IId District there were 51 legal voters, and 262 votes cast. Even in our quiet, peaceable city, 46 Whitfield votes were cast by outsiders in the district, who came together, or most of them, at least, armed with guns, around a barrel of whiskey mounted on a wagon. They tried, on several occasions, to provoke a quarrel with us, so as to give opportunity to seize upon the ballot-box, if possible, and destroy it. This they had threatened beforehand to do. Twice they made a systematic attack upon us, in various ways, by abuse, challenge, &c., without effect, when one of them, Henry Davis, called them to the whiskey-barrel again, saying: "One more drink all around, boys, and we shall get up a fuss." They tried again, and again failed. On one occasion, Davis commenced a furious attack, with abusive epithets and the most foul and profane language, on me, one of the Judges of Election, ostensibly because we had required him to swear in his vote, as we did every one not personally known to some one or more of the Board threatening to break down the door of the room, and many other very violent things, and to shoot me in my place, and those outside thought he went to his friends and provided himself with a pistol. But, paying no attention to their attempts, their fury finally exhausted itself, and about the middle of the afternoon Davis left saying, he should go home, as he could not "get up a fuss with the d—d Yankees."

I am thus particular, because I consider this as a part only of a grand nefarious scheme to carry this election for Whtfield and pro-slavery at all hazards. They knew they could not deposit their illegal votes in our ballot-box, and so they determined to destroy it, and thus apparently secure a majority in almost every District in the Territory—at least they would destroy the poll of the central anti-slavery feeling and influence.

Whitfield and his associates have determined upon the course now to be taken in reference to the Territory and the question of Slavery in it. The Governor must have the census taken immediately, preparatory to the districting of the territory for the election of a Legislature; and in this, I understand, the Governor coincides. Then the elections must be immediately held, say in March at the farthest, as Whtfield says, "the sooner the better." In reference to the time of holding the elections, I understand the Governor is not decided. He says he cannot put it off until the opening of navigation *for that reason*; of course he cannot, but I am afraid he will be forced into yielding to the demands of the slave power. I believe him to be ardently in favour of making this a free State, and will do *all he can* to that end; but he is in the midst of a power to which greater minds, loftier intellects, than his have bowed in submission. He yielded, and gave Whitfield his credentials, after refusing for a time, declaring that a new election must be held in District No. 7; but Whitfield threatened to issue several thousand circulars, and scatter them throughout the territory, among his friends, assuring them he was elected by a majority of legal votes, as he claimed he was, and that the Governor had refused him his certificate of election. The Governor yielded, whether to this *argument* or not, I cannot say, and when Whitfield and his friends say the census must be taken and the election held immediately, "the sooner the better" will be not again yield? It is proposed to have a meeting of the "settlers," and extend the time in which they are required to make improvements upon their "claims," in order to hold them to March next. This will enable them to have *homes* in the Territory, while in Missouri about their usual business. When the census shall be taken, hundreds of them may be in the vicinity of their "homes," and give in their names, and at election the presence of thousands more than the census numbers will only show what an *immense emigration is going on into the Territory*. Thousands of claims may be made, really and fictitiously, before or at the time of election, or even all pretensions to residence here may be waived, as at the recent election, and what is the remedy? These men are unscrupulous in the attainment of their first, their last, and all-important end, the propagation of slavery.

Should any one still doubt the aggressive policy of the South, and its determination—at the sacrifice of every principle of Republicanism, and of the rights and privileges of individual citizens and of communities—I beg to refer him to the announcement in the St. Louis *Intelligencer*, weekly, for November 24, on the authority of a man who is pronounced by the editor to be "one of the best men in the State, a slaveholder, a southern man, and for twenty years a Missourian. Every word written down by him may be implicitly relied on"—that there exists in Missouri "a secret organization, spreading pretty much over the State, the object of which is to make Kansas a slave State," in which the members are "*sworn not to impart any of the purposes of this Society*, unless the individual approached would enter into the movement willingly." If this disclosure do not relieve their doubts, they will probably be satisfied when the contemplated object is consummated; the course pursued in the recent election being rather a prominent move in that direction.

The time of the holding of claims while absent from them is to be extended to March, the census to be taken before that time, and the Legislature to be chosen in March, all before the opening of navigation will permit a single arrival from the North and East. The result is not a question. It is certain. The result of the recent election, notwithstanding the circumstances may be known, will be an immense stimulus to emigration from the South. This is confidently claimed by themselves, and they counted on this result, notwithstanding the barefaced iniquity of the means employed. Is it true, also, that it will produce a corresponding opposite, disheartening, despairing feeling at the North, an abandoning of the great work of freedom, whose decisive battles are evidently to be fought here? God forbid! I trust not. I trust that the greater the need the greater will be the effort. Humanity's most earnest and deepest wants require the most energetic and persevering labours for their relief and advancement.

Then come on, freemen, and lovers of freedom; come in your persons and with your means, plant in Kansas the standard of liberty, which shall be an eternal barrier to the further progress of American slavery. Nowhere else can you do it so well as here, and at no future time so well as now; and bear in mind, if Kansas is surrendered to slavery, you are yourselves, among your Green Mountains, along your inland seas, in your fruitful vales, and on your flowing streams, much, very much, more subjected to the slave power, much more slaves, than at this moment. Not alone is Kansas enslaved, but much that remains to liberty in the free North is enslaved also. I am sure I need not call upon you with trumpet-tongue, and repeat to you the summons to rise in self-defence. Not in defence of your "peculiar institutions," but of your liberties, and the rights of humanity, remembering that the second great commandment, which is like unto the first, is, to "love your neighbour as yourself." Not only is civil and political freedom to be secured or lost in Kansas, but with these goes, also, religious liberty. Shall it be said that on the broad prairies and fertile soil of Kansas, the man whose skin is dark, by but one shade of African to ninety-nine of European blood, shall not be taught to read the Scriptures? that the woman who teaches a white child, in the history or tradition of whose generation is found one trace of the blood of him or her whose skin alone was dark, shall be incarcerated in prison?

Then has the Church something to do in setthng this question of Freedom or Slavery in Kansas. Let her not neglect her duty. Let her not hide her light (and her heat also) under a bushel! Let her not, above all things, like the priest and Levite, pass by on the *other side*—strike hands with those who would, and, by their practices, *do*, deprive her of her very life.

THE DEADLY BLIGHT OF SLAVERY.

Extract of a Letter to the Wesleyan.

The first County of Missouri in which we entered was Jentry. This county is very beautiful, with a fertile soil and tolerably well timbered; but for all that, it has a dark, gloomy appearance; it is much older than either of the counties of Iowa above mentioned, and yet there is good Government land lying unrented, while all the good chances for entering land in the above counties of Iowa are taken; good chances for entering in Iowa lay but a short time after it comes in market, and the most of it is claimed before it comes into market, but in Missouri there are good chances for entry that have laid so long since it came into market that it is reduced to 12 1-2 cents per acre. Ten dollars will bring 80 acres of good land adjacent to timber; this is land enough to make one man a good farm; this same land if lying in Iowa would have been entered more than 15 years ago. Why this difference exists is well known: *Ichabod* is stamped by the wickedness of man on the fair soil of Missouri.

I stated above that we did not see an empty house in Iowa, that every house was crowded to overflowing. In Missouri we found plenty of houses unoccupied and scarcely a family who had just emigrated to the country; plenty of farms were for sale at very low rates, but no purchaser. We saw a farm of 80 acres, with about 30 or 40 acres under improvement, with 4 or 5 cabins on it and well timbered, that had just been sold for two yoke of oxen and $85. The oxen in Missouri are worth about $50 per yoke, which is only $185; this is much less than the improvements cost; the same farm in Iowa would be worth $800. As we continued to travel in this slave State, we still continued to see the blighting effects of slavery. We passed through settlements that had commenced to be settled over twenty years ago, and there is not the improvement that there is generally in free States where it has been settled but five years. These old settlements were by no means in a poor country, but one of the most beautiful countries I ever saw, having the advantage of Iowa in point of climate; being south, it is warmer and much more desirable than Iowa. Indeed, God has done all that could be done in nature to make the country desirable, but man, by his wickedness, has cursed it. We had an occasion to spend the Sabbath in Missouri; we put up with an old iron-side whiskey Baptist by the name of Burnham; he was not a slaveholder, but had a slave in his employ, a woman with two small children, the younger of which was a little girl about two years old, a mulatto, the daughter of her master; this fact we learned from Mrs. Burnham. We found it to be a very common thing through Missouri for negro women to have yellow children, and that from their masters. Sabbath, about 9 o'clock, came along a minister of the old whiskey slaveholding Baptist order, whom the old man called a great orator. Mrs. Burnham started off with him and was gone until about 1 o'clock P. M., when they returned stinking horribly of whiskey. The old man's son came home on Saturday night with a two-gallon jug full of whiskey, to last the father and minister over Sabbath. In the evening, the baby-stealing whiskey preacher held forth at a meeting-house about two miles distance, and, being urged to go, we went and heard a specimen of Missouri oratory. He commenced talking moderately at first, but soon worked himself up into a warm feeling, when he commenced at the top of his voice to scream without any sense, to catch for breath and form a gurgling sound down his throat, something like a human being just expiring in death. The language used by him was low and vulgar, tremendously murdering the king's English. Just before the commencement of the meeting, there was a short conversation took place between this Rev. and the writer. He interrogated me with reference to my business, where I was going, &c. I told him plainly that I was going to Kansas to preach the gospel, which was opposed to all wrong, slavery being of the greatest magnitude. He told me that if I preached such doctrine in Kansas, I would certainly get whipped, that there was a preacher of my order who got whipped in Kansas for meddling with this matter. I replied to him that I had no fears on this score, whipping would not deter me from preaching the truth. With reference to a preacher of my order being whipped, it is a palpable falsehood, but it would answer for Missourians to tell and rejoice over it. I do not know that all your readers are acquainted with the kind of Baptists above mentioned. I was never acquainted with them in the East. They are those who go against all reform enterprises; against the Missionary enterprise, Temperance and Anti-slavery; they lay down on the decrees of God, declaring themselves the elect, and that missionary efforts are all useless, for God's elect will be saved without missionary efforts; they finally hate temperance and love whiskey.

I have heard of a conversation which took place between Peter Cartwright (a M. E. minister), and a minister of the old hard Baptist. Peter was on horseback, when an old hard Baptist minister rode up to him and commenced a conversation. He asked Peter if he was not a Methodist minister; the answer was yes; then Peter asked the Baptist how he knew that he was a Methodist minister; the answer was, by your fat horse. Then Peter asked the Baptist if he was not an old hard Baptist minister; he answered him yes. The Baptist minister then asked Peter how he knew he was a Baptist minister. Says Cartwright, by the whiskey bottle I see sticking out of your pocket. From that time onward, in that section, the Baptists were called whiskey Baptists, as a distinction from other Baptists.

We came across a large number of Methodist Episcopals, both the North and the South branches, both of which have slaveholders in their church; it is hard to tell which had the most, the M. E. Church North, or the M. E. Church South; both take all they can get, and the great bone of contention between them is, who shall have the greatest number of wealthy slaveholders in their churches. The South charge the M. E. church North of being anti-slavery; and the North denies the grave charge, and demonstrates the untruthfulness of the charge, by taking all the slaveholders they can get. We spent one night at Athens, the County seat of Jentry Co.; we there found both parties, the North M. E. Church, and the South M. E. Church; they were very much at variance. The writer, by chance, fell in company with a member of the North M. E. Church just before coming into town; he commenced questioning us with reference to our business, &c.; we answered him, by which he learned our standing as a minister; he then gave us a very pressing invitation to stop and preach that evening for them; we complied with the invitation and preached for the first time in our life in a slave State. We were peculiarly operated on with a sense of the surrounding circumstances. I saw before me an audience, a part of whom were slaveholders; one poor slave was permitted to be in the back part of the house. Often I had stood up and preached a free gospel in a free land, but for the first time in a land of whips and chains; in good earnest I asked my Heavenly Father for wisdom, grace and strength. I had some degree of freedom, and preached to them that system that wages war with all sin. A. Finch.

Lawrence City, Kansas Ter., Nov. 28, 1854.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

From the Independent.

It will be remembered that a great Commercial Convention was held in Baltimore in 1851, composed of some of the most distinguished and talented men from each of the Southern States. The avowed object of this respectable gathering was, to devise ways and means to check the rapid progress of New York, the great metropolis of the nation; to influence merchants and capitalists in slave States to turn their attention to the development of their own resources; to build up and centralize trade within their own borders; to establish ocean steam navigation companies; build railroads; awaken a general interest in all internal improvements; and, lastly, to apply to the Government for *material aid* to accomplish this great work.

The meeting was held; and great men made great speeches at a great dinner. The North were then told plainly that they might not expect hereafter to monopolize all the trade. They *could* and they *would* make their own tin-ware, wooden clocks, farming tools, clothes-pins, and negro cloths, and be dependent henceforth upon *nobody*. Such a convention, and such a demonstration, we neither read about or ever heard of before. It was a *spirited* affair, particularly at the dinner-table, as many a decanter and champagne bottle was a witness. The convention finally adjourned to meet at Memphis in 1852, where also another magnificent demonstration was made. All the newspapers published a report of the proceedings. The next adjournment was to Charleston in 1853. New York *now* expected a blow which no Castle Garden influence could withstand. The Union *then*, if ever, was in danger. Cotton prescriptions by cotton-doctors would not be able to save it. That seemed impossible. As all good things in the world must come to an end, that meeting finally ended by adjournment to New Orleans this January, 1855. For the results of this august assemblage we now wait with trembling anxiety. See what vast preparations are being made. One hundred delegates have been appointed by the "Mayor and Common Council," as a special Committee of Arrangements. All the Governors of the "Southern States," all the Mayors of "Southern cities," also members of Congress, and probably the great patron of the South, Franklin Pierce himself, will be invited to be present. What a time there will be, and what glorious results *must* follow. Of course, they will look back with "honourable pride" at the commencement of this wonderful movement in 1851. It will, in their estimation, rank in importance with the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, the War of the Revolution, or the Declaration of Independence. Before the meeting closes, of course, their "peculiar institutions" will be defended, and the Union will *again* be saved. Now, as plain, simple Yankees, we would like to be posted up in regard to the results of past efforts, and would ask the most "eloquent speaker" present to tell us how many ocean steam-ships (not castles in the air) have been built these four years past, since the first meeting was held, and how many times, and with what success, they have crossed the ocean; also, how many railroads "into the interior," spoken of at Baltimore, Memphis and Charleston, have been finished, and where the *money* came from to build them; how many more foreign goods have arrived at their ports than previously, and whether such importations proved a profitable speculation

Now these are practical questions; and the people of our northern rural districts have a little curiosity to know the facts in the case. Our best interests are at stake; and, therefore, we shall wait impatiently for—*that* speech.

THE MONEY FOR THE MILITIA.

The *South Boston Gazette* (edited, we believe, by a militia captain) is out with a long apology for the conduct of the Boston troops in aiding, under Mayor Smith's illegal orders, in the kidnapping of Burns, and then putting into their pockets the money paid them for their services on that occasion.

The *Gazette* pretends that the troops were as reluctant as anybody to serve in the capacity of kidnappers and slave-catchers, but that they acted under a stern sense of military duty.

When, at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, the eldest son of the

our midst, we admit, and we will not only patiently but thankfully receive any measure of just condemnation which foreigners of whatever nation may choose to pronounce; but we deem it, nevertheless, a duty to wage a ceaseless war with the system of slavery, without regard to the boundaries within which it is upheld.

This great question of slavery is not one of latitude and longitude—it is a human question, resting upon principles divine, universal and eternal. We ask not is the slave a fellow-subject, but is he a man? We ask not whether he stands upon British or American soil, but whether he is within the dominions of Him who made him of the same blood with ourselves, and endowed him with the same inalienable rights? This question links itself with every topic within the entire range of religion and human duty. It ascends to the very being of God, and has to do with His attributes, His character, and His moral government of the world. It entwines itself around the spiritual nature, hopes, fears, joys, sorrows—the present condition and future destinies of man. This question must be studied and understood, if we would know who is our neighbour, and what is our duty towards him. It is a question transcendently, infinitely above the ordinary politics of nations. If there be any principle at the bottom of this question, in other words, if there be any truth in the doctrine that there is a God—that He is the creator and governor of the world—that He is the sole proprietor of man, and that man is responsible only to the Supreme Ruler for his actions—then slavery is a system at war, at once, with God and man, and is not an institution to be regulated, but a crime to be abolished; not a condition to be modified, but a wrong to be redressed. Then religion, morality and humanity, join in demanding that the evil-doer return to the allegiance he owes to God, and that the slave be instantly restored to the rights which are inherent in him as a man. The whole subject resolves itself into the question, "Can man hold property in man?" If this question can be satisfactorily answered in the affirmative, then let Anti-Slavery Societies be disbanded, for their interference is unauthorized and impertinent; but if the claim to man be what Lord Brougham described it, "a wild and guilty phantasy," then may the Abolitionist go forth into every part of the earth, and wherever he finds the Divine Creator and sole proprietor of man dethroned, by the usurpation of His prerogative, he may demand that God be restored to his rightful dominion by the restoration to liberty of His subject held in chattle bondage.

If this view of the subject be correct, with what feelings must that system be regarded which makes merchandise of eight millions of the human race, and entails the same condition on their posterity to the latest generation? The work of exterminating slavery from the face of the earth, which it pollutes, is a mighty and sublime undertaking. Men would outgrow their dwarfish dimensions, and narrow, sectarian prejudices, if they would properly survey the stupendous object they have set themselves to achieve. There is nothing little in connection with the anti-slavery cause but its advocates. Even slavery itself wears an aspect of terrible grandeur. How vast is its circumference! We drop the line into the horrible abyss only to exclaim, "O the depths!" We try to sum up its guilt, and arithmetic, and language, and imagination fail. If we cannot count the fibres of one human heart, nor enter into the agonies of one human soul, tortured by oppression, how shall we grasp the aggregate of eight millions of hearts, wrung by slavery, and pierced with its poisoned and barbed arrows? If, when we try to compute the value of one intelligent immortal being, we find that, put into the scale against the material universe, he outweighs the vast magnificence of unintelligent creation, how shall we compute the value of eight millions? Yet such is the number of intelligent immortal beings held as absolute property by professedly Christian nations. These slaves the Abolitionists of England are now seeking to redeem. Let them be encouraged in their work, and let them turn a deaf ear to all who would persuade them that the question is out of their province. They have as much to do with the question as with any question that concerns the happiness of man and the destinies of the human race. It is a question that lies at the very foundation of the rights of every portion of the great family of man. The cause of human liberty is one the world over. Let Englishmen, then, fervently unite in the bonds of true catholicity with all of every nation who are the friends of the slave, and let them be assured that the time will come when, from sea to sea, and from the Arctic regions to Cape Horn, the continent and islands of America shall be free from the misery and the guilt of slavery and the slave trade.—*The (London) Empire.*

From The (London) Empire.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONFERENCE.

SLAVERY AND THE AMERICAN CHURCHES.

In our last week's report of the proceedings of the Conference, we stated that a resolution was moved by the Rev. James Sherman, and seconded by Mr. D. McLaren, of Edinburgh, on the subject of slavery in America. In this resolution, which was passed unanimously, the Conference expressed "its reprobation of the conduct of those professing ministers of the Gospel who vindicate, by the perversion of Scripture, and vitally strengthen the iniquitous institution of slavery; or who, whilst admitting the enormity of the evil and its unrighteousness, neither bear a testimony against it nor labour for its abolition." On this subject the following were amongst the remarks made on the occasion:

Parker Pillsbury, Esq., in the course of a very long and eloquent address, said: The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is probably one of the strongest ecclesiastical bodies in the world, looking at its numbers, its wealth, its pretended piety, its means and modes of operation, and at the instrumentalities which it has already in existence. I think I shall do the American churches generally no injustice by taking that body as their representative. Let me observe, however, that there are some minor associations which except to its course, and would not be willing to regard it, on the question of slavery, as a Christian body. You have had many men in this country representing the religion of America, who, while here, have taken much pains to describe the Garrison movement as an infidel movement; yet these very men were at the time connected with the American Board of Missions, who, year after year, have had the question of slavery pressed upon them by the Abolitionists, but without effect. Why, some of that Board's own missionaries have been slaveholders. Take one example: for years John Leighton Wilson was an eminent and popular missionary of that Board, in Africa, while all the while he was the owner of a plantation of negro slaves in South Carolina. At home, on his plantation, he was manufacturing heathens—for, by the laws of the State, the teaching of slaves is punishable with the severest penalties short of death. Yet this man, holding slaves under these circumstances, went to Africa, and there undertook to convert the sable sons and daughters of that country to Christ—leaving his own slaves in darkness and paganism. We laboured for years before we could get the Board to admit this fact, and the first time the admission was made was in the columns of the Connecticut *Observer*, the organ of Congregationalism in that State, which announced that the American Board, in the case of Mr. Wilson, "had certainly not acted with its usual prudence." Such was their mild and gingerly mode of getting out of the difficulty. We had been branded as false accusers for stating that they had a slaveholder in their employ; and when they were at last compelled to own the fact, they did so in the mildest terms, by saying that the Board had not acted with the prudence which usually characterized its proceedings. The fact is notorious that that great association is a slaveholding body, and that its treasury is constantly replenished by the price of the bodies and souls of men, bought and sold like beasts in the market; and it is equally true that its missions to Africa, to convert the heathen of that continent, are sustained by the money raised from the sale of Africa's daughters, sold in the American shambles to grace the seraglios of Southern debauchés (great sensation). Oh! Mr. Chairman, what language can describe the soul-revolting wickedness of an association, calling itself Christian, that can take God's poor and helpless children and sell them in the market like cattle, then send their price to convert their relations under the palm-trees of Africa! O, Sir, the very crucifiers of the Son of God would have shrunk from such an outrage! They could buy God's immaculate Son of the betraying Judas; they could crucify him when the sun in the heavens refused to behold the spectacle; when the earth trembled and shuddered with horror at the transaction; when the graves could not hold their iron bars, but dead saints must leap to light and life to render more awful still the tragic scene; they could crucify the Son of God amidst sights and circumstances like these, but there was one thing they could not do—they could not put the price of his betrayal into the treasury of the Lord (great cheering). It was reserved for an American Board of Missions to the heathen to improve upon the deep depravity and crimson guilt of the murderers of God's incarnate Son (sensation).

Alderman Harrison, of Wakefield, expressed a hope that the speaker would confine himself to the practical business of the Conference.

Duncan McLaren, Esq., the Chairman, said: A great deal of what Mr. Pillsbury is saying is well worthy of our attention, but we have before us a most important resolution affirming great principles, and the value of that resolution will be much enhanced by its passing unanimously. I would advise the speaker to keep to the resolution.

The Rev. James Sherman: Allow me, Sir, as the mover of the resolution, to say a word upon the point of order. The resolution before us relates to American slavery, and the relation thereto of the American religious bodies (hear, hear). Our excellent friend is giving us most important information respecting the actual relation of those religious bodies to the institution of slavery, and I sincerely hope that, whatever may be our feelings while listening to him—however our souls may be harrowed by his statements—the meeting will allow Mr. Pillsbury to give us all the facts of the case, and impress our minds fully with the awful condition in which the religious bodies on the other side of the Atlantic stand in connection with slavery (cheers).

Mr. Pillsbury: The meeting will forgive me, if I have fallen into a wrong course of remark, when I tell them that I was informed by one who I supposed had the principal direction of the business of the Conference, that the state of the religious bodies of America on the subject of slavery was the special subject upon which I was expected to speak. If it be not, I really do not know what I am to do (loud cries of "Go on"). To return, then, to the American Board. I wish to correct a misapprehension which prevails in this country. Here it is supposed that that Board is a *Christian* body, but it is not so, in any proper sense of that term, and it should not be so called. It is a Mahomedan Board rather than a Christian. I beg pardon of the Sultan. I bethink me, that were I to-day a slave to the Sultan, and were I to embrace the Moslem faith, I should at once go out free; but were I a slave to the President of the American Board, I might become the most eminent saint the world has seen since the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and my sanctity would only enhance my price in the slave-market; for a Christian slave sells for more dollars than any other (hear, hear). When we American Abolitionists had pressed the American Board until they admitted the fact of slaveholding amongst them, we next attacked them for allowing polygamists to belong to their mission churches, and we found them as obstinate on this point as on that of slavery. At their anniversary in 1847, they spent many days discussing the question whether polygamists should be admitted into their mission churches, and their decision was that the question should be left to the missionaries themselves, and that the Board should take no further action on the subject. The missionaries settled the point by admitting polygamists in at least four instances. Now, with this indisputable fact before me, I venture to assert that this body has no more title to the name of Christian—looking at the way in which it has treated the sacred institution of marriage—than it has when looking at its conduct in relation to the rights of man and the institution of slavery.

The Rev. Cuthbert Young, of Newcastle-on-Tyne: I have reason to know that that is a misapprehension. Mr. Pillsbury is stating that which is not true (oh, oh). I do not impute wilful misrepresentation, but I can show from the recent proceedings at Hartford, in Conn., that the Board does not deserve the description given of it. I would refer also to a document written by one of the secretaries of the Board. I am sorry I have not the document in my pocket at this moment (order, order). Our friend's statements are very highly coloured, and I have reason to know that some of them are not at all in accordance with the facts of the case—what he has said about polygamy is one.

The Rev. Samuel R. Ward, of Canada, rose and said, that, for twenty years, he had been a witness of the battles which had been fought with the American Board upon the matters referred to, and that nothing in American history was more conclusively established or more abundantly authenticated than the facts which had been stated by Mr. Pillsbury. He would tell his friend, Mr. Young, that this question had been again and again discussed when he (Mr. Young) was within the walls of his *Alma Mater* (cheers).

Mr. Pillsbury: In what I have said, I have but one object, namely, to make you acquainted with the true character of those with whom your churches are in religious fellowship, and I now leave you to determine whether such bodies as I have spoken of deserve to be called Christian. You have hitherto treated them as Christians, you have welcomed their delegations; those delegations have had free access to your pulpits, they have sat at your sacramental boards, and you have in all respects treated them as Christian brethren. You have done this while some of these men had no coats on their backs but stolen coats, and while the jewels which sparkled in their bosoms and on their fingers were nothing but the crystallized tears of mothers, whose babes had been sold in the market to furnish the means of sending these delegates to the churches of Britain (cheers). My purpose in speaking of the American Board, and their connection with slavery and polygamy, has been to make plain to you in England, what is as plain to us in America as the sun in the heavens, that there are so-called religious bodies amongst us, in communion and fellowship with you, who, judged by their principles and practice, are wholly undeserving the name of Christian. When you ask what you can do, I answer, treat the delegates from these bodies as they ought to be treated. You did so in one instance. When the Rev. Dr. Prime was rejected by the British and Foreign Bible Society, because he was the apologist of slavery, and the maligner of Mrs. Stowe, it was one of the grandest testimonies ever borne against slavery and in behalf of the anti-slavery cause; and if your churches had but followed the example of O'Connell, and refused to shake hands with slaveholders and their apologists, by this time slavery would have fallen, and its history would have been written to grace or blacken the shelves of the historian (cheers).

Mr. Cuthbert Young remarked that the American Board and other bodies spoken of were not represented in the Conference. The statements which had been made were entirely *ex parte*. He had read elsewhere statements of a totally opposite character, and especially in contradiction of the statements about polygamy in the mission churches. There were persons present who, as well as himself, knew the fact that the missionary board had recently passed resolutions which had led the organs of the slaveholding party to brand them as Abolitionists. The Prudential Committee had previously moved on the subject, and the Board had formally recognised their principle of action. The body had been led to their present decided course by the conduct of the Choctaw Indians. The council of that nation had resolved that coloured children should not be taught in the schools of the missionaries. The Board had considered the whole subject at their meeting two months ago, and had resolved that the missionaries should not submit to the law. Their action had given so much satisfaction to those who were previously at issue with the Board, that members were in consequence giving in their adhesion to it. What the body might have been in past years he was not competent to say, but this he knew, that at present they were taking a line of action which indicated that they were desirous of working with the Abolitionists.

The Rev. Edward Mathews: I am aware that Mr. Pillsbury has documents in his possession which would enable him to substantiate everything he has said on this subject, and I submit that those documents should be laid before the Conference.

Mr. Chamerovzow requested Mr. Young to inform the Conference within what time the Board had taken the anti-slavery course to which he (Mr. Young) had referred. At a meeting of the Board, recently held, the course of procedure of the Prudential Committee, in 1848, was specially brought before it, and formally recognised; that course of procedure was indicated in a letter from one of the secretaries to a missionary among the Choctaw Indians, and the Board had endorsed that letter. At a meeting of the Congregational Union, in the month of May, Mr. Young had stated that if the Congregational Board would grant to the Turkish Mission the aid required, it would be likely to induce the Board in America to take right anti-slavery action. It was important, therefore, that the Conference should know at what time subsequently it was that the Board had taken right anti-slavery action.

Mr. Young said that, not expecting to be questioned as he had been, he had not brought the documents with him; but he believed he had correctly stated the facts, and, if necessary, could produce the proofs in the course of an hour.

Mr. Chamerovzow said he would be satisfied, for the present, if Mr. Young would give the date when the Board had taken right action on the subject of slavery.

Mr. Young said he referred to the proceedings at Hartford, in the month of September last, which would be found in the *American Missionary Herald* for October, which he would undertake to produce. In reference to the words he had used at the meeting of the Congregational Union, he believed they were these—that the effect of assisting the mission in Turkey among the Armenians, as conducted by the American Board, would have the effect of producing a different state of feeling among the American *churches*. The American *Board* was not the expression used, but American churches. That was in the month of May. He knew enough of the Board at that time to satisfy him as to their action.

The Chairman reminded Mr. Young that he had not answered the question which had been put to him, namely, when the Board had passed a specific resolution of an anti-slavery character. He was not asked to give the words of the resolution, but simply its purport, and to say how it was announced, in what form, or by what act or deed.

Mr. Young: There are two decided resolutions recorded in the official documents of the Board; they were adopted in September of the present year, at Hartford, in Connecticut.

Mr. Chamerovzow: Then I join issue with you on that point.

[An unexpected press of matter obliges us to leave out the remainder of our report.—Eds. Empire.]

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1855.

TIME AND CHANGE.

They celebrated, the other day, in some Massachusetts town, the birth-day of its oldest inhabitant—the widow of a former minister. A hundred years had rolled over the head of the venerable lady, and the hundredth found her still capable of using and enjoying life. We wonder whether her life looks long to her, as she turns her eyes backward. A hundred years in the gross seems an eternity; and, yet, it seems as if a hundred times the space that was comprised between this New Year's Day and the last were no very great grasp of time. Much has befallen the world since the Massachusetts widow first opened her eyes upon it. She has been the contemporary of much history. We cannot dwell on what has happened on the continent of Europe during that time—the Seven Years War and the career of Frederick of Prussia which made him be saluted the Great; the great struggles in England, during the reign of George III., for the settlement of the Constitutional Rights of Britons; the French Revolution, comprising the Fall of the Bourbons, the career of Bonaparte, the Restoration, the Three Days of July and of February, and the force that there was in a great name to transform an adventurer into an Emperor. All that must be passed by. We can only glance at what has left marks on this continent.

At the opening of the year of Grace 1775, the English colonies were lying clasped, as it were, within the tightening embrace of French ambition. They were hemmed in by the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, and the chain of forts that united their head-waters, and looked fearfully forward to the time when the tightening coil should crush out their liberties and their lives. Braddock and his brilliant command were then in full life and hope, little dreaming of the defeat that was to make them historical. The sagacity of Pitt had not then singled out the young energy of Wolfe as the fitting instrument of carrying out his great plans, and which sealed their success with his blood. Those wars and the rejoicing that crowned them must have been among the half-remembered images of the childhood of the lady who has furnished us with a text. Then came the consequences. The relief from the fear of French invasion encouraged the spirit of resistance to British aggression. The needs of the home government not unreasonably turned its eyes on the colonies which had reaped the benefit of the French War, as the means of paying a part of its expense. Then the Stamp Act, the additional taxes, the Boston Massacre, Lexington and Bunker's Hill, organized resistance and, finally, the Independence. Then followed the days of the Confederation, the inconveniences which led to the Convention of 1787 and the Adoption of the Federal Constitution.

All this history, and that of the sixty-five years that has followed, has come within the life of one yet alive. What a difference between the American World of a century ago and now! Then, how few the people, how scant the resources! Now, how multitudinous and how exalting and abounding! How many more men and how multiplied the wealth since then! But are the men of a better growth? Is the wealth worth what it has cost to win it? Are

> "Men the nobler growth our soil supplies,
> And are souls ripened in our Northern skies?"

Let us see. A hundred years ago, the Northern country was the ruling and informing element of the land. Its hardy population, descendants of men who had preferred a Principle to a country, and had followed an Idea into exile, were jealous of the rights they and their fathers had suffered so much to obtain. They dwelt on principles, they convened with ideas, they looked to the end from the beginning, and resisted tyranny in their cradle. They saw to what possible results parliamentary interference might lead, and they set at defiance the imperial might of England rather than run the risk. They went into the American Seven Years War for freedom from the control of irresponsible oligarchs across the water. They did not suspect the enemy that lay in wait for them in their own camp. They little thought that the young serpent which they had taken unto their bosoms, in the hope that it would die a natural death, would be nursed into a dragon to destroy their sons. The Slave Power was then scarcely seen, though it was felt as soon as the National heart began to beat. A Compromise was required at the outset, and it was granted in the appointment of Washington, a Virginia Slaveholder, to the Command in Chief. The Slavery Clauses of the Constitution followed, extorted by the threats of Georgia and South Carolina, and sustained by the weight of Washington's character, and thence has flowed all our black history since.

The rest of the story has been seen by thousands of eyes yet undimned with age. The Act of 1793, the admission of Kentucky, the Purchase of Louisiana, her admission, the War with the North, known as the War with England of 1812, the Tariff meant to glean the refuse of the sword of that War, the Missouri Compromise, the submission of the Nation to South Carolina in 1832, the Admission of Texas, the Mexican War and all its following, these are things many thousands have watched from first to last. And the later sacrifices of the few remains of Northern self-respect on the altars of Presidential aspirations, who can forget them? The Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, the opening of the Territories stolen from Mexico to Slavery, the Compromises, which were all concessions and submissions, these wounds are too cruelly fresh in our hearts. And, now, within this last year of Grace, the imaginary line which had been set up as the frontier between Liberty and Slavery is swept away and its place known no more forever. Surely, great have been the changes which a single life has seen, from the men who resisted the first faint imagination of tyranny, eighty years since, to those who submit to any outrages its caprices may suggest!—from the men who would not suffer a tool of a tyrant to live among them to a generation which permits Curtises, and Lorings, and Mortons, and Ingrahams, and Kanes, to breathe the same air with them! Great must be the almighty power of the Dollar that has been able to work these changes in two generations of men!—which could present such differing acts of one drama, on the same stage, before one lagging spectator! Is all the wealth worth what has been paid for it? Are the political privileges now possessed worth what we have exchanged for them? Or, rather, have we not exchanged realities for shadows, and substantial blessings for shams? Is life or property safer now than it was a century ago? Is the American, now, in possession of the rights of Free Speech, Free Press, Freedom of locomotion and of Protection everywhere, that the British subject enjoys? Are we not subjected to ignominious insults and outrages which should raise our fathers from their graves? Will the Century of Life which is soon to be rounded with a sleep to close on a better state of things than that it opened on? We think *not*, substantially. And we believe that nothing short of a new and truer Revolution than that of 1776 can restore us, morally and politically, to the point from which we have been falling ever since we cast in our lot with our natural enemies, and called it a Republic.

A DANGEROUS FOUNDATION.

Among the incidents in the adventurous life of that enterprising eastern merchant, Sinbad the Sailor, we recollect one of himself and his companions, after meeting with the invariable catastrophe of shipwreck, taking refuge on the back of a huge whale, or other overgrown sea-monster, mistaken for an island. We have not the narrative of these voyages at hand, and regret to quote such authentic and widely known history without a reference to refresh our accuracy. We believe, however, the poor mariners experienced no practical inconvenience from their mistake for awhile; the monster was in a profound sleep at the time, and, the length of his nap being proportioned to his size, he might be expected to remain in one attitude for weeks thereafter, and would, no doubt, have done so but for the over-confidence of the new inhabitants of his back. Believing him to be a fixture in the ocean, a part of the permanent order of things, Sinbad and his companions, recovered from their first astonishment, proceeded, with fragments of the wreck, to build a fire upon his scaly sides, to warm themselves withal, when the supposed island, awakened by the unexpected caustic, rolled over, in his pain, and pitched the wretched men into the sea.

There are many monstrous institutions, many gigantic evils in the world, which the divine beneficence, amidst its infinite activities, has not yet found it convenient to destroy, which men, with a like folly to that of Sinbad the Sailor, are rash enough to take refuge in, to build upon, and to domesticate themselves with. The practice of slaveholding, for instance, in this country has prevailed these two hundred years, now involving more than three million victims, and begins to look very much like a fixture in the providential order of things. It really seems like a solid island, only a Southampton insurrection in all that period leading men to doubt whether it was a dreamthroe of a living animal or an earthquake of terra firma. It is, however, only within a few years that the timid people, who have taken refuge upon it, have ventured the experiment of laying the family hearth, and setting up the penates of a permanent home for themselves and their posterity upon it.

During the colonial period, the slaveholders regarded slavery as a part of the colonial system, one of the grievances of the government of the mother country. After the independence, a vague notion prevailed that it was to die out under the new regime of democracy. Since 1820, the dream of African or West Indian colonization has occupied the imagination and appeased the conscience of the more thoughtful and religious slaveholders. It was suspected that the institution of slavery was no solid land, or even island, upon which the peace and prosperity of a great people could be built, but only a sleeping monster, the perilous question being, When will the monster awake? Mr. Jefferson confessed, giving expression to the dilemma of slavery, we have a wolf by the ears—to hold him or let him go is alike dangerous. A foolish generation, however, has succeeded, who can see neither crime nor peril in a relation of society which is such an invasion of the rights of man, such a mockery of the justice of God. Slavery is a blessing, insanely exclaim the states' men, the moralists and the thinkers of the South, thus confessing and exposing to the world how already its deadly and devastating influence has paralyzed the heart and overthrown the reason of the most cultivated men of that region. A spurious religion lends it her benediction, and, as the foul lie passes her lips, the divine features of Christianity give place to the hideous lineaments of paganism. A murderous public sentiment arms itself with violence to defend it, while, at the same time, all refinement, all nobleness, all generosity, all mercy, are repressed in the hearts of both men and women; and but for the light of literature and manners communicated from the North and from foreign lands, through a half-restricted social intercourse and a half-muzzled press, a worse than Tartar barbarism would settle down upon and darken the whole South. But for the intelligence and culture of the free States, for the intellectual life supplied by freedom to slavery, which, with true barbarian conceit, the slaveholders affect to despise, the system would come to an end by the sheer degradation of the masters; there would be left only one brute force in contest with another, ten-fold its inferior. But for the education supplied, directly and indirectly, by Northern colleges, the craft of perverting Scripture would perish, the gasconade of Southern speeches would be shorn of its high-flown verbiage, while the *Examiners*, the *Patriots*, and *Mercuries*, losing their smack of modern and reformatory literature, and the stolen style of English and American Abolitionists, would sink into dreary imbecility.

It is safe to assume that no permanent institution can be built upon injustice. If this is not the devil's own world, conveyed to him in fee simple, to have and to hold to his use and behoof forever; if, granting even that he is a tenant in possession, there is *ever to be* a change of administration, an introduction of an order of justice, American slavery cannot stand; no curse of Canaan can sanction it, for no divine curse can be other than beneficent and temporary. No example of history can vindicate it, since history is tragic, the retribution of Heaven's justice upon slaveholders. No scientific settlement of the question of the inferiority of races is at all relevant to it. There is an infinite distance betwixt a man and a chattel, shaded down by no gradations. That which alone makes a slave valuable as a slave, his intelligence, gives him rights and duties as a man. The rights and duties of a man are paramount to the qualities and properties of a thing. None but disordered intellects ever controvert these obvious principles, which settle the whole ethics of slavery.

When, therefore, we see men confirming themselves in the intrinsic iniquity of slavery, preparing to perpetuate and extend it, bequeathing it as an inheritance to their children, fastening and accommodating to it their permanent laws, their social usages, their forms of religious faith and worship, the spirit and tone of their civilization, we may be assured that the catastrophe is near at hand. Sinbad and his companions have at last persuaded themselves that the slumbering whale *is* an island, and, having built a fire, mean to make themselves comfortable and at home. Meantime, the whale begins to have bad dreams, and will presently awake.

CAUSE AND CONSEQUENCE.

We hear that in the old (often called the *good* old) Puritanic times, whenever a preacher or lecturer came into a New England village, proposing to discourse upon a subject, or in a manner, unsatisfactory to the regular spiritual guide of the parish, the latter put on his cocked hat, took his cane, marched deliberately down one side of the village street, going into every house, and returned on the other side, going into every house, and the invader's business was thoroughly settled, or unsettled; not a soul would go to hear him; the word of the minister was law.

This stage of priestcraft, the direct authority of clergymen, formally exercised, has gone by. It has escaped from their grasp, beyond the power of recovery. Indeed, few of them venture to express their desire to resume it so plainly as Dr. Adams does when, referring to the number of young men whom he meets on Boston streets on a "Sabbath evening," obviously not going to his meeting or any kindred one, he longs to transplant the function and the power of overseer and patrol from Savannah to Boston, to require a written pass from those of the labouring classes who are found in the streets after 8 P.M., and send delinquents to the guard house, for confinement all night, and a fine, or stripes, in the morning. Vain wish! the formal exercise of clerical autocracy in New England is forever past, though a portion of its substance yet remains in many places. The following extract from the Hartford correspondence of the Boston *Transcript* gives an instance of this sort, corroborating, from an opposite stand-point, the views heretofore suggested in this paper of clerical influence:

"But before I refer to the discourse of last evening, let me say a word respecting Dr. Hawes and Hartford. In coming from Worcester here, I cannot but observe the change in the moral atmosphere of the two places. In Worcester, the Garrisonian spirit and doctrines have been long at work, and their evil influence has become widespread and deep. Let it be announced in Worcester that Stephen S. Foster is to speak at the City Hall on Sabbath evening, and an audience of fifteen hundred will assemble, and listen to a political discourse or harangue, in which the speaker pours out the bitterest sarcasm and abuse against the churches, the clergy, &c., not hesitating even to mention names. Such sentiments are applauded, or received in silent approbation. An audience could never be gathered for such a purpose, especially on Sabbath evening, in Hartford. Should a man utter such sentiments here, even the 'devil's children' would hoot him out of town.

"The advantages of Hartford over Worcester, in the wide-spread and pervading influence of high moral sentiments, is attributable in no small degree to the ministry, the character and personal influence of Dr. Hawes. No man in New England has produced a more profound impression upon a community. Dr. Hawes seldom advances new ideas, but old Christian truths are clothed in an attractive form, and presented with a force and power of illustration and argument seldom heard."

Dr. Hawes is a very fair specimen of the mass of elderly New England clergymen, and the writer above quoted is a very fair specimen of their hearers. They would really, if they could, abolish the freedom of speech and of the press, to prevent the exposure, necessarily involved in that freedom, of the unchristian character of the Church and its leaders; and they really consider the forcible breaking up of a meeting called to examine political parties and principles by the light of Christianity, and the violent expulsion of its speakers from the town, as evidence of "the widespread and pervading influence of high moral sentiments."

We can easily believe that "Dr. Hawes seldom advances new ideas." The school to which he belongs make a boast of resisting improvement, and take pride in holding themselves fast anchored against progress. Assuming, in theory, that the Old Testament and the New are equally valid as their rule of faith and practice, they seem to lean with a heartier sympathy towards the former, and not only continue to ask for and walk in "the old paths," but carefully refrain both from "new wine" and "new bottles." The preaching which they inflict and suffer consists, from one year's end to another, of the very material which Henry Ward Beecher so graphically and so accurately describes as the staple of "religious" newspapers:

"There never was anything so waste and useless as much of the religious writing of the day, and especially newspaper religious articles. They are husks to the eater—dry, tasteless, unnutritious. It demoralizes the soul to write them, and dilutes the soul that reads them.

"The reasons of the hollowness, the shallowness, the feebleness of so much religious writing, lies in the false principle which has governed good men. A newspaper must have its pious article every week. It must be about something or other. Last week it was this, the week before it was that, and this week it must be something different from either this or that. The inventory of topics is looked over, the vacant head is driven up, and an article drawn forth, made up of stale truisms piously expressed. Unfelt fervours are in due places, and solemn words parade along simple sentences. The whole thing is a sham and a mockery. The writer had no inspiration. He wrote because he felt this must be a pious article, and not because he felt piety."

This witness is true. Both in newspapers of the class referred to, and in sermons, and in prayer-meeting and church-meeting exhortations, the chief means relied on to create or revive piety in the reader or hearer is a perpetual new-hashing or kaleidoscopic recombination of the same old, dull, stale, pious *talk*, such as the Biblical Commentaries of Scott and Henry are composed of. In this sort of writing, appeals to the intellect are not only not used, they are discountenanced; the object is to excite emotion, which shall blindly follow the direction indicated; and the faculty which God gave us for the express purpose of distinguishing between things that differ is stigmatized as "carnal reason." We lately heard the boast made respecting a layman who had all his life received these husks as bread, that he had read Scott's Bible, Notes, Marginal References, Practical Observations and all, nine times through, and that when he died he was just beginning the tenth time. This man, though of excellent common sense in the ordinary affairs of life (in relation to which he was permitted to exercise his reason), was really deluded into the belief that the perpetual re-reading of Scott's Commentary was an appropriate and effective means of spiritual growth; and if his life had been doubled or trebled, he would no more have thought of outgrowing it than the Catholic his rosary.

Does any one consider these topics unfairly "dragged into" an anti-slavery paper? Does any one ask why we cannot let people's religious opinions alone, on a platform assuming to be common and free to persons of every variety of theological belief? We reply that no part of our anti-slavery duty is more clear and unquestionable than the exposure of that craft which gives any form of religion a practical operation adverse to human freedom and favourable to American slavery. The writer first quoted in this article claims it as a merit in the preaching and general influence of Dr. Hawes that if slavery and its apologists should be spoken against in Hartford, its inhabitants would cry out, and stop their ears, and gnash their teeth, and run upon the speaker, and thrust him violently out of their city.

And this is an accurate description, both of the (secondary) purpose and the tendency of that which is preached as piety to the majority of congregations throughout this country. The sagaciously sectarian among the clergy design to produce just this result; the docile among the hearers find themselves influenced in just this manner. In the course of a "revival" of that sort of religion, its managers would deprecate alike a lecture on the God-given rights which are violated by slavery, and the call of a fugitive slave for help on his way towards liberty. Both would interfere with what they recognise and inculcate as "spirituality." The fraternization of these people with a fellow sectary is entirely independent of his being, or not being, a slaveholder, or slave-trader, or kidnapper. They deem it presumptuous to know more about right and wrong than the patriarchs, or to make any improvement upon the morality practiced in the days of the Apostles; finding in the practice of Christianity by others an unwelcome exposure of the barrenness of their own mere profession of it, they stigmatize its practitioners as heretical and impious; and when their own Pharisaism is held up in contrast with the actual aid to one's poor neighbour which Jesus enjoins, they cry out that religion itself is assailed.

Believing crime to be made worse instead of better by the addition of hypocrisy, and having no disposition to give quarter to slavery because it has stolen and put on the cloak of religion, we deem it both right and expedient plainly to expose this unchristian position of the clergy and the churches. We find oppression no more tolerable when deduced by Bishop Meade and Doctor Adams from the Bible than when enforced with scourge and chain by Legree. As Frederick Douglass found his severest master in him who made most pretention to "piety," so we find the coldest heart and the most impenetrable head among those whose religion divorces them from humanity. The confirmed worldling has great power to withstand the influence of anti-slavery truth; but, the confirmed churchling, lay or clerical, is its *hardest* subject.

LETTER FROM CANADA.

We are permitted to publish the following private letter from an emigrant to Canada to her friend in this city. It is just such a letter as one likes to read from a new country, and cannot fail to interest our (with Dr. Smith's leave) *coloured* friends, who, we think, will agree with us, that here is a pleasanter picture than that recently presented to them in Augustus Washington's letters from Liberia:

Buxton, Canada West, March 23, 1853.

My Dear Mrs. Harris: I take up my pen to write you a few lines, after so long a delay. I suppose you all thought that we were all dead, but it is not so, I can assure you, although we have been quite sick since we arrived in Canada. I have been quite ill with the pleurisy, and, in the Fall, we all had the dumb ague and fever; but now we are enjoying good health, except my son John; it left him feeble and a pain in the side; but he never was strong in health. This is a healthy place—but little sickness except the ague and fever. We arrived in Chatham on the 13th May, after a pleasant journey. It's really beautiful to travel in the Spring, and to behold the different faces of nature's beauty. In the steamboat we went to Troy; then took the cars to Buffalo, and there we put up until Monday from Friday, and I found Buffalo a very pretty place indeed; then we took the steamboat for Detroit—a beautiful sail across the Lake—Erie—and out of sight of land, it seems to me as on the sea; and then we took the steamboat again for Chatham—then we were done and at our journey's end. Now, Chatham is a fine place indeed, a town pleasantly situated on the banks of the Thames; and there we kept house six weeks—we had a small house—much cheaper than to board; and then my husband went to Buxton, to the coloured settlement, a distance of six miles, and purchased a farm of fifty acres, with nine acres cut down and one all cleared. The man who had taken it had to give it up, or build; it's a pleasant place. So, my husband liked it, and bought it and paid the money on the spot. He had to pay for the improvements and the balance of the ground—but if you buy a farm with no improvements on it, then it is two dollars and a half an acre. And he hired his house put up, and, on the first of July, we moved on our farm. O, my dear friend, how I do want to see you again; I do wish you would try and come to Buxton, Canada West. *Come to a land of liberty and freedom, where the coloured man is not despised nor a deaf ear turned to them. This is the place to live in peace and to enjoy the comforts of life.* In September, we got a fine cow, with a heifer calf ten months old. So I have been quite a country-woman. I both churned my own butter and milked my own cow. We have got three nice sows, and, by and by, I shall have geese, and chickens, and ducks, and all those things. Here is nine thousand acres of land now taken up by coloured people in Buxton, where we live; and Mr. King, the government agent, who sells the land, has purchased eight thousand more to sell at the same rate; and the people are coming in from all parts, and the place is filling up fast. I hear that Old Fillmore *is a screwing you all up tighter still*, but don't stay there, come to *Queen Victoria's land, where they are not making laws to oppress and to starve you.* I raised a fine sight of tobacco. We had turnips as big as the crown of your husband's hat, and cabbage as large as a water-pail. O, don't laugh, for it's a fact—for the ground is so rich it raises everything up in no time. We were late, so we had only Fall things. There is a saw-mill and a grist-mill building in Buxton, and a school now here, with seventy or eighty scholars: *O, we are just beginning to live well enough without the white man's foot on our necks. Away with your King Fillmore, I am for* Queen Victoria. God Save the Queen. We have all kinds of game, deer, racoon, ground-hogs, black-squirrels, hens, pheasants, quails, wild turkey, wild duck, woodcock and red-headed woodpeckers, and sap-suckers, wild red raspberries and plumbs, crab-apples and wild gooseberries, and all kinds of nuts. *Not so cold as I thought.* We have Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian meetings, too. We are to have a log-rolling soon, and then we will have ten acres cleared. They (the people) all will help you raise and log, and you help them again. Whatever you raise in the ground, you can sell it in Chatham, six miles from here. My husband walks up and down once or twice a-week, and thinks nothing of it; but I hope soon we'll have a team of our own. There is a number come from Toronto to this place, as land can be got cheaper—20*s.* an acre and ten years to pay it in, and land that will bring anything you plant just as I did in Weeksville (only it wanted more manuring); only put in the seed and *pray to the Giver of rain*, and they will come up. O, dear, how I want to see you again. Do come to Buxton, Canada West. * * * * *

Mary Jane Robinson.

To Mrs. Sarah Ann Harris, Weeksville, Care of Wm. Dolly, Zion's Church, New York.

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN AT PHILADELPHIA.

William Wells Brown has just concluded a series of lectures in Philadelphia. This, we believe, is the first attempt of a coloured man to give a course of Lectures, embracing other topics than the anti-slavery subject, and we are glad to learn that these lectures have been very successful. The first evening, Mr. Brown gave his audience an introduction to some of the great men and women of the Old World, and portrayed the beauties of several of the noted places in London and Paris. The Lecture on the second evening was on "Saint Domingo, its Revolutions and its Patriots," and attracted more attention owing to the present attitude of this country to Hayti than it otherwise would. This lecture has already been published, and met with a rapid sale in Philadelphia, where it was delivered. "The Humble Origin of Great Men" was the third of the course, and was well attended. This subject was well chosen, as it was calculated to inspire the coloured people with energy, and cause them to surmount difficulties to educate themselves. After delivering two lectures on Slavery, Mr. Brown was invited to lecture before the "Banaker Institute," one of the literary Associations among the coloured people of Philadelphia. This Lecture was on "Mahomet and Confucius," and the founder of the religion of Mecca and the distinguished Chin

with slavery in the States; but in no wise do we transcend our prerogative, as a member of the confederacy, when we insist that the Federal Government shall divest itself of all connection with, and all responsibility for, an institution so repugnant to the general sense of justice, and so hostile to the harmony and ultimate prosperity of the country. It cannot have escaped the notice of the attentive observer of our governmental policy that it has, for many years, departed widely from that indicated by the founders of the Republic, viz.: the recognition of slavery as an anomalous institution, repugnant to all their cherished ideas of the rights of men, and consequently to be localized, restricted to the narrowest possible limits, and gradually extirpated by the growth of those principles which form the basis of our political edifice. It was an evil day for both North and South, when this policy was departed from, and the powers of the General Government were perverted to the extending and nationalizing of slavery, to the upholding of an institution purely local in its character, at the expense of the interests of freedom, which should be regarded as dominant and universal. It is a just cause of complaint, on the part of New York, that discriminations should be made, in our national legislation, which tend to embarrass our industrial enterprises and to deprive us of that relative political influence that of right belongs to us, by concessions to the slave States which neither comity nor sound statesmanship, nor a true regard for the interests of our country as a whole, can for a moment sanction. Thus have been engendered sectional divisions, and sectional interests have been stimulated into antagonism, and ill-feeling, unworthy of our fraternal character, engendered: all of which might have been avoided had the Federal Government adhered to its original policy, as good faith and justice to all demanded. However deeply the patriot may deplore the agitations growing out of the slavery question, and the alienation of feeling consequent thereupon, it is in vain to expect that they can be allayed by any legislation that ignores the moral sentiment of our people, and ruptures long-existing compacts; or by anything that falls short of restoring our Government to its original policy upon that question.

I have no hesitation, therefore, in expressing the belief that the peace and permanent welfare of the whole community, as well as the political rights of this State, demand the restoration of that prohibition of slavery in Territories which was embodied in the Missouri Compromise, and repealed by Congress at the last session; and I recommend to the Legislature the adoption of such measures as may tend most effectually to the promotion of that result; to the protection of the political rights of this State against the further increase of slave representation in either branch of Congress, and to the restoration of that generous confidence and mutual regard which are essential to the stability of that Union, upon which our respectability abroad and our domestic welfare must always largely depend.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Correspondence of The Anti-Slavery Standard.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2d, 1855.

THE old year, with all its joys and sorrows, and they have been many, has finally passed away, and that day of dissipation, NEW YEAR'S, has also gone, but not all its effects. Like many of the great proceedings of our National Legislature in the year past, so the proceedings of the great body of the people, yesterday, in Washington will bring pain to the head and heart. The New Year was ushered in by a most delightful day, exceeding anything, both under foot and over head, for agreeable "walking out," I ever witnessed on a "New Year's" in Washington. No snow, no mud, no wind—a sunny day, not cold. Such a holiday was appreciated and improved. Thousands visited the President's mansion, and thousands visited the "open houses" where refreshments, including "liquors of all kinds," shed their deleterious consequences on all who failed to "touch not, taste not." This morning, I hear it already, "Oh! how my head aches." This dissipating way, in this *Christian* country, in midwinter, with the poor starving for daily bread, of entering upon a New Year, strikes me as being unchristian, ungrateful. While I would not overlook all the good there is among us, my heart sincerely deplores the superabundance of evil.

A retrospection of the last year's proceedings furnishes thoughts and feelings which I hardly know as it would be profitable to describe. The dissipated men and dissipating scenes I witnessed in both houses of Congress can be called up with far less of regret than those of the discussions and final passage of the Nebraska bill. Oh! to recall that the iron-tread of slavery can be allowed just where the "popular sovereignty" wills it, and now stalk abroad over the fair field of our great Western domain, spreading blasting and mildew on lands which God has ornamented and perfumed with flowers, gives me as much of a heart-ache as the champagne of yesterday gives others the headache. Alas! we are now under the reign of slavocracy; and what is to be done by the lovers of freedom and humanity? I hope, Mr. Editor, that wisdom will be given you to make profitable and practical suggestion as to what we shall do to improve the prospect of our beloved country. I say *beloved*, for who in this world does not love the home of his childhood—if anywhere, it must be where there is so much "inhumanity to man"! What a paradox do we present to the world, on the one hand, doing up an abundance of humanity for the poor, and largely for all benevolent purposes, and at the same time manufacturing chains, and increasing, with an unparalleled activity, houses of bondage for those who have a skin "unlike the colour of our own." While some around me complain of the headache, I would complain to you—will it do any good?—of the heart-ache! I did not go with the thousands, yesterday, to give the hypocritical hand to Franklin Pierce, for I feel that he has been untrue to his country—to New England, my own New England. I cannot respect him. He is the last President which New England will furnish these United States for one hundred years to come, if ever; and for him to betray, to sell out all of his country that a true New Englander holds dear, O, it is too bad, Mr. Editor. The clatter, the promenading, the hilarity, the dissipation of yesterday have passed away. Senators and members of the House are now wending their way towards the Capitol, to take a fresh start in doing the bidding of the few slaveholders of this country, in the Halls of Legislation. These reflections make me feel more like retiring to weep than like going to the Reporter's gallery.

Hon. George P. Marsh, late minister to Turkey, will commence the series of lectures, to be delivered at the Smithsonian Institution this season, on Constantinople and the Bosphorus.

I have seen the Chairman of the Committee who are progressing with arrangements for holding a National Convention of the soldiers of 1812, on the 8th of January, in the First Presbyterian Church in this city. A more grave and patriotic body of men will not often be seen together than is expected on that occasion. Agents of Railroad Companies have been heard from who have agreed to reduce the fare, for several hundred miles in all directions, to the old soldiers who shall come as delegates to the Convention. They are expected from nearly every State in the Union.

Dr. Brainard, of Chicago, delivered a lecture, at the Smithsonian Institution, Saturday evening, "On the Nature and cure of the bite of venomous serpents and poisonous arrows"—where he exhibited a live rattle-snake and other members of the viperous breed. He gave a lecture during the day before the Medical Faculty, in which he made several successful experiments, by allowing his reptiles to bite pigeons and fowls—to see how soon they die by the effect of the poison—and then to see how soon the poison could be nutralized by the application of the compound of *Iodine and Iodide of potassium in solution*. Dr. Brainard appears to have made a useful discovery in this behalf.

ONE PHASE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.—A correspondent of the *New York Times*, writing from Alabama, gives the following account of what he witnessed:

"All the great thoroughfares of Alabama leading towards Texas have been thronged for two months past. Long trains of wagons, which would make BARNUM stare, consumptive oxen, mules that appear to be of the same national order as the 'woolly horse,' and horses nondescript and *sui generis*, drag through clouds of dust their slow length along. Multitudes of negroes accompany them, literally 'clothed in rags.' I have traveled 'some' in my day, seen most of the various 'kinds' that inhabit our continent, claiming affinity to the human family, and these same plantation negroes bear off the palm. A 'Snake' or 'Sioux' would be a gentleman among them, a Pah Utah more than respectable, and a 'Greaser' from the woods of Central America, a model man! Where, I thought, are the Mrs. Jellabys? Can no magician of humanity break the charm of these unpronounceable, outlandish names, which have shut our eyes and ears to the horrors and the shame of the heathendom among us?

"The wagons themselves contain the household goods and the household gods. Yellow-headed children, with mottled faces, peep from under the canvas covers, admiring the wonders of the towns through which they pass. This emigration is interesting in many respects. I may perhaps advert to it again. Little do they dream of the trials which await them. The beautiful land of their imagination will be soon enough revealed to them with all the strong features of a Winter wilderness."

A WORD ABOUT THE TRACTS.

NUMEROUS calls reach us, from various parts of the country, for the anti-slavery tracts for gratuitous distribution. Thus far, four tracts have been stereotyped, and a large edition of each has been printed. This edition is now exhausted, and a second will soon be ready.

With regard to the distribution of the tracts, it is evidently desirable to choose the least expensive manner. Therefore, we would suggest to our distant friends that they should, whenever possible, *send* to the Anti-Slavery Offices (in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia) by friends visiting these cities, for such tracts as they want, and thus avoid the cost attending other methods of transmission. It would absorb too much of the funds contributed for the publication of the tracts, were we to undertake to pay the cost, whether of postage or other carriage, of sending them to numerous and remote localities. But where no other convenient way offers, let our friends make known their wants by letter, and they will receive as early attention as circumstances allow. At Philadelphia, address J. MILLER MCKIM, 31 North Fifth street; at New York, SYDNEY H. GAY, 138 Nassau street; at Boston, SAMUEL MAY, JR., 21 Cornhill.

TRACTS.—We perceive among the tracts which the American Anti-Slavery Society is scattering over the country, by the contributions of Gerrit Smith and others, is one designed to convince the public that the United States Constitution is a pro-slavery instrument. Now, it strikes us that this wicked Nation, so utterly pro-slavery that it almost makes everything it touches like unto it, does not stand in need of the aid of the American Anti-Slavery Society to convince it of what it already professes to believe. We protest against this tract, therefore, as a pro-slavery, not anti-slavery, tract.—*Frd. Douglass's Paper—Copied in the Wesleyan.*

If "this wicked Nation" is indeed "so utterly pro-slavery" as to make its "touch" contagious, we should like to know how it is possible for its Constitution to be anything but pro-slavery. The wickedness of "this wicked Nation," so far as slavery is concerned, is certainly older than the Constitution. Did the Nation make the instrument without "touching" it and impressing upon it its own image and likeness? Did the thorn bear grapes, and the thistle produce figs? Did a Nation, holding a million of slaves, and with millions of capital invested in the hellish business of stealing more from the African coast, make a Constitution free from the taint of its own depravity? The pretence, especially in the face of our national history since that period, is so utterly absurd as to supersede all necessity for argument. To talk of the Constitution as anti-slavery, because it contains some fine sentiments about liberty, is as preposterous as it would be to declare that the contents of a jug, which had killed every one who had tasted them, were not poison, because the label on the outside proclaimed it to be something else!

If a tract asserting the plain truth, that the Constitution is pro-slavery, is itself pro-slavery for that reason, is it not equally pro-slavery to assert the same truth in respect to the American Church?

Gerrit Smith, we presume, understands what he is about altogether too well to mind the sneer of Mr. Douglass. He made his contribution to the Tract Fund of the American Society, not because he expected that every tract issued by the Society would meet his approbation, but in the full confidence that its issues, on the whole, would be such as to enlighten and invigorate the anti-slavery sentiment of the country. In this light was his act viewed by the friends of the Society, who, independent in their own views, know how to respect the independence of others.

THE LONDON CONFERENCE.—The *Liberator* of last week contains a full report of the proceedings of the late Anti-Slavery Conference, sent to that paper by the Rev. Francis Bishop, of Liverpool. It is substantially the same as that in the *Empire*, from which our own was made for this paper. There was, however, one addition of interest and importance which was not contained in the *Empire's* report—or if it was, it escaped our notice—and which ought to go upon the record. It is as follows:

"REV. FRANCIS BISHOP, of Liverpool, at this stage of the proceedings, rose in the room, and handed up the credentials of two delegates then present, of whose appointment, he said, the Secretary had not received any previous notice.

"Mr. CHAMEROVZOW immediately read the credentials thus publicly handed to him, which were those of Mrs. Moore and Miss Whitelegge, as delegates from the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society of Manchester; and no objection being offered, the appointment was of course ratified by the meeting like that of all the other delegates. There were many other ladies in the room as visitors, but we heard it said that several among them would have been delegates, had they been aware that women would have been admitted in that capacity."

The *World's* Convention of 1840, it will be remembered, was *not* a World's Convention, because a course precisely opposite to that here recorded, on a similar occasion, was pursued. When the credentials of Lucretia Mott and other women, delegates from Anti-Slavery Societies in this country, were offered, they were rejected ostensibly because it was contrary to 'British usage,' though a reason equally inoperative lay below that—that the Broad street Committee did not choose, by recognising women as delegates, to rebuke the secession from the American Anti-Slavery Society, which had occurred a few days before in this city, at the Annual Meeting of the Society, and which led to the forming of the "New Organization." We allude to that occurrence, of course, only to express our gratification that better counsels are, in these days, prevailing, and we hail this marked change in the British and Foreign Society as an evidence of the sincerity of their wish that hereafter there shall be cordial cooperation between them and the Abolitionists of the American Society.

MEANEST OF THE FAMILY.—The Hartford *Republican* says:

"We always supposed Millard Fillmore to be the meanest of the family, but it seems he has a brother out in Indiana meaner, more wicked and despicable than himself. A man by the name of Waterhouse in Indiana helped a few miserable slaves to Canada. Cyrus Fillmore—brother of the Ex-President—watched the movements of Waterhouse and went to Canada on pay, to get evidence from the negroes to convict his neighbour. The Marshal and the Court were determined that Waterhouse should be convicted, but the jury did not agree with them. They finally brought in a verdict of imprisonment one hour in Court and $50 fine, the Judge having previously promised to remit the fine."

THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW YORK assembled in Albany on Tuesday. In the Senate, Mr. H. J. Raymond took the chair. D. C. Littlejohn (Whig), of Oswego, was chosen speaker of the House. The *Tribune*, whose editor has been to Albany, thinks there is no reason to doubt the passage of the Maine Law and the reelection of W. H. Seward to the United States Senate.

COMING TO THE POINT.—The Rev. Nathan Lord, D.D., President of Dartmouth College, has been writing of late in the *Vermont Chronicle* to prove slavery a Divine institution, sanctioned by the authority of the Bible. Such a writer, with such an object in view, would, of course, set aside, as of no validity, the testimony of God as revealed in the moral consciousness, or the spontaneous instinct of mankind, paying a blind reverence to the letter of scripture. On this point Dr. Lord expressed himself in this language:

"'Presbyter' [Dr. Lord] does not believe that any pretended laws of consciousness, or intuition, or instinct, or sentiment, or any theories of natural rights, have any validity whatever against the laws and institutions of the Bible—that they have their origin in men's speculative conceits and fancies—that these conceits, &c., were embodied in subtle heresies in remote periods—that this same leaven now reappears under the name of *Christian consciousness!*—that its influence is a sign and measure of a Northern 'apostacy,'" &c.

To this a correspondent of the *Chronicle*, signing himself "M." (we suspect the initial stands for the Rev. Silas M'Keen, of Bradford, Vt.), replies in a fitting spirit, as well as in appropriate language, as follows:

"Is not this, Messrs. Editors, a most remarkable paragraph, considering the author of it, or to be uttered by any Christian man, or *any* man? The rational instincts, the universal consciousness of mankind, the recognition of moral obligation in the presence of justice, of right, of law, of God—this golden chain let down from Heaven which holds the human world forevermore from direct anarchy and utter chaos—conceits! fancies!! The universal consciousness of the supernatural life, the *quod semper, quod ab omnibus, quod ubique*, originating in subtle heresies of remote periods, and heralding, in these last days, a *Northern Apostacy!*/ Can such a man be reasoned with? But all this is 'against the laws and institutions of the Bible!' It is, to assert this, the merest begging of the question. The universal instinct, sentiment, 'conceit,' 'fancy,' of all men in all ages, that slavery is contrary to natural justice—whence comes it? From Him who made it inherent, essential and constitutive, in every human soul. The consciousness of all Christian men, that slavery is inconsistent with the principles of Christianity, so general that, even at the South, the man who did not acknowledge it was reckoned an infidel and monster (until since slavery was sought to be made the instrument of political power)—how could it have originated in the face of positive laws and institutions of the Bible, binding upon all Christian consciences? How could it have been kept alive and have prevailed more and more for fifteen centuries? Subtle heresies!! No, sir, this very consciousness is proof, beyond the possibility of all unsophisticated doubt, that there *are* no such 'laws and institutions of the Bible.' It is itself the highest and truest form of interpretation of the Bible on that point that it is possible to have, or conceive of. Northern apostacy! fancies, conceits, tending to anarchy and atheism! It was my purpose to compare arguments and not *opinions* with Presbyter, yet I will take the liberty to express one opinion, viz.: That it is such interpretations of the Bible as Presbyter's which are filling the country with lawless oppressors and infidels, and that, if he could make all men believe them, there would be shortly no *Christendom* left, but only Dr. Lord, Dr. Adams, a few Southern politicians, and the Czar."

If Dr. Lord were to deny the doctrine of the Trinity, or any other item of the Orthodox faith, the Congregationalism of New England would drive him from his Presidential chair as unfit to discharge its duties; but as he only advocates practical Atheism—the buying and selling of human beings as brute beasts—he is not judged to have disqualified himself for instructing young men in the principles of Christianity and sound morals!

TRACTS FOR PENNSYLVANIA.—Mr. McKim desires us to say that Anti-Slavery Tracts, in great variety and ample quantity, can be had at the Office, 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, for gratuitous circulation; and he further expresses the hope, in which we join, that the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania will avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered of scattering light throughout the borders of that State. It is an admirable way of disseminating anti-slavery truth, and now is the time to go to work.

We again repeat that the Tracts are also to be had at the Office, 138 Nassau street, where the friends of the cause are earnestly invited to call and get them for gratuitous distribution. The people are willing to read, and Abolitionists should improve this golden opportunity for the dissemination of light and truth.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR DAVID J. JOHNSON.—We learn with deep regret that the Dean of the Faculty of the Pennsylvania Female Medical College and Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology in that institution, Dr. David J. Johnson, died in Philadelphia on the 28th ult. The *Tribune* says:

"He was an accomplished scholar, well versed in Greek, Hebrew, Latin, German, and French, and in his special branch could be equalled by but few. He had only a few months since returned from Europe, whither he had been for the purpose of collecting specimens and making other arrangements beneficial to the College. His labours were untiring and efficient, and his demise has left a vacancy which will be sorely felt by the Faculty and friends of the cause. We fear it will be extremely difficult to secure another to fill his position who combines so large an amount of talent and accomplishments as the late lamented Dean."

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—The *Independent* says that the First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, whose pulpit, so long filled by the conceited, ostentatious and pro-slavery Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, D.D., is now vacant, have given a call to the Rev. Mr. Hogarth, of Geneva—"a man adapted to the times, being a friend to all progressive movements, and up to the mark on anti-slavery, temperance and kindred topics"—to become their pastor. We protest against this as cruel. Dr. Cox abandoned his anti-slavery to secure the pastorship of that Church, and, after he has laboured for nearly twenty years to indoctrinate them in the gospel of Hunkerism, it is ungrateful in them thus to flout his teachings and take to themselves an anti-slavery minister.

NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.—The Sixth Lecture of the Anti-Slavery Course was given on Tuesday evening, by Rev. HENRY W. BELLOWS, to a fair audience. As we shall publish the Lecture entire, in our next, we will only say, now, that, while in some particulars it was open to criticism, it was an exceedingly able and interesting performance. It presented, in a very lucid manner, some important truths which are too often overlooked in anti-slavery discussions. Mr. Bellows made an allusion to Dr. Dewey and his relations to the slavery question which we deeply regretted, because it involved great injustice to the Abolitionists. On this point, however, we will not speak further at this time.

The next Lecture will be given by WENDELL PHILLIPS. We look for a full house.

POLITICAL AND LEGAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—The friends of Woman's Equality in this State are making a bold and energetic effort, this winter, to secure such legislation as is requisite to carry out their principles. A circular, signed by Mrs. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, has been sent out into the several Counties, calling upon all who are interested in the object to aid in procuring signatures of both men and women to accompanying forms of petition. All orders for forms of petitions should be sent to Miss Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, New York. When signed, they are to be returned to Miss Lydia Mott, Albany.

CONVENTION AT PROVIDENCE.—We are requested to call attention to the notice, in another column, to the Convention to be held at Providence, R. I., on the 11th and 12th inst. Those who have already observed that a meeting is to be held there, will take notice that the time is changed from the 10*th and* 11*th* to the 11*th and* 12*th*. It is hoped that the meeting will be a large one, and that renewed interest in the cause will be aroused by it in that State. So strong a list of speakers is an assurance that the Convention will be one well worth attending, and ought to ensure a large delegation from the country towns.

THE *Independent Herald*, of West Chester, Pa., after an existence of one year's duration, has been discontinued—not, however, because the enterprise of establishing an independent non-party journal in Chester County has proved a failure, but because circumstances require Mr. Bosee, the editor and publisher, to fix his abode at the West. We hope some person, qualified for the post, will purchase the establishment and continue a paper which, during its brief existence, has proved itself worthy of perpetuity. Mr. Bosee has our best wishes for his future prosperity and happiness.

New Publications.

A JOURNEY THROUGH KANSAS; with Sketches of Nebraska: describing the Country, Climate, Soil, Mineral, Manufacturing and other Resources. The Result of a Tour made in the Autumn of 1854. By Rev. C. B. BOYNTON and T. B. MASON, Committee from the Kansas League of Cincinnati. With a new and authentic Map from official sources. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co. Pp. 216.

The title of this work being exhibited in full, there is hardly any need of a further description of its contents. We recommend it heartily to all those who are seeking for information respecting the territorities it describes. It is well written, and, we have no doubt, is as nearly accurate as such a work could well be. The narrative portions thereof are exceedingly interesting. We have had our differences with Mr. Boynton on some points, but we see nothing in these pages to which any Abolitionist can take exception.

IDA NORMAN, OR TRIALS AND THEIR USES. BY MRS. LINCOLN PHELPS.—We find no difficulty in believing that this book was written, as the authoress declares, with the "design of imparting moral instruction." Many excellent sentiments are undoubtedly inculcated in its pages, and it is much to be regretted that the estimate which Mrs. Phelps puts upon the dignity of labour is not more widely diffused among the class for whom the book was principally intended. We cannot, however, conscientiously recommend the volume as in any high degree calculated to remove the impression under which her heroine, in common with many other young ladies, has laboured, that "religion is only for the church and Sundays," while it repeats a declaration eminently fitted to confirm her readers in the error—a declaration made and repeated by every political demagogue and pro-slavery priest, in his Fourth of July efforts, for the last quarter of a century, that ours is a country "where there are no barriers of *caste*, nor *privileged orders*" (the italics are in the text); and while it reiterates the assertion that the wretchedness of the Italian peasantry, for instance, forms "a striking contrast with the cheerfulness and comfort to be seen among the labouring classes in our own country." Though we do not either expect or desire that an author should go out of his way to attack our "domestic institution," we do demand that every one should carefully refrain from pandering to our pharisaical national hypocrisy. T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, has the work for sale.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL opens a new volume with its January number. Aside from its special function as the advocate of Hydropathy, this publication contains a larger amount of scientific and practical information on the subject of Health and Disease than we know where to find in any other periodical work. It has done and is still doing much to educate the people in matters of the deepest importance. Read with proper discrimination, it will do good in any family it may visit. Published by Fowlers & Wells, 308 Broadway. Monthly. $1 per annum.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, having completed its twentieth volume, commences a new one with the opening year. It is what it professes to be, viz.: a "Repository of Science, Literature and General Intelligence"; and the contents of each successive number attest the diligence of the editor in his efforts to please and instruct his readers. Published by Fowlers & Wells, 308 Broadway; $1 per annum.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM, BY ADIN BALLOU.—We hasten to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of this work from the hand of the author. We will give our readers some account of its contents ere long. It is a work of great importance, and cannot be weighed and measured as quickly as some other books that find their way to our table.

UNEMPLOYED LABOURERS.

ADDRESS OF THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN EMIGRANT PROTECTIVE AND EMPLOYMENT SOCIETY, TO THE CITY AND COUNTRY PRESS.

THE great number of persons dependent on labour for their daily bread, now out of employment, owing to the unusual depression in all the departments of business, and the large influx of foreign emigrants, is the occasion of the present address.

We believe that you may render important assistance to us, in our efforts to mitigate this evil, by enabling us to ascertain what openings yet exist for the moral and industrious among this unfortunate class of our city population, both of native and foreign birth. We are convinced that there are many localities, within a reasonable distance of New York, where labour could be profitably employed—that at the present moment, there are thousands of families, in our own neighbouring States, seriously inconvenienced for want of domestic help, while servant girls in New York, of unexceptionable character, are out of situations, and reduced to the necessity of pawning their clothes to pay their boarding bills, and that agricultural and other business interests are suffering for want of the strong arms of the sons of toil, who are pining in cellars in our City, and depending on public or private charity, for scanty and precarious subsistence—and all this for want of a proper correspondence between the employer and employé through the medium of such an Institution as this Society.

We believe, also, that it will be wise policy on the part of the employers to anticipate the wants of the ensuing spring, and engage their help *now*. A business reaction may confidently be anticipated, and all the avenues of industrious pursuits will be open and occupied by busy enterprise; labour will be proportionably in demand, and the difficulties which met the Society last year, in filling orders, will return with increased force.

There is reason to believe that the supply of labour furnished by foreign emigration will another year be diminished. The Eastern War, so destinate and sanguinary, and which will doubtless rage with increased violence next year, will not only enhance the price of agricultural produce, but call thousands to the battle-field who might otherwise seek our quiet shores, and engage in the occupations of peaceful industry.

We, therefore, gentlemen, respectfully and earnestly request you to give a place in your respective journals to this communication. In so doing you will impart a three-fold good—relieve our charitable Institutions and City taxes—afford the means of an independent and honest livelihood to the unemployed and destitute poor—and benefit to those who need their services.

Letters (post-paid) addressed to the General Agent, Rev. R. D. THOMSON, American Emigrant Society's Rooms, No. 13 Astor-place, New York, will be promptly answered. Applications, in person or by letter, may be made at either of the Society's Offices, Nos. 13 and 14 Astor-place, or No. 27 Greenwich street. Signed on behalf of the Society,

PETER COOPER, President.

Mortimer De Motte, Cor. Secretary.

[*Other papers are requested to copy.*]

Summary.

Solomon Northup, the kidnapped negro, is lecturing on Slavery in the western part of the State. He was at Northampton on Tuesday evening.—*Boston Tel. Dec.* 27.

James T. Morehead, ex-Governor of Kentucky, and Senator in Congress from that State, from 1841 to 1847, died at his residence in Covington, a few days since. Gov. M. was a warm friend and supporter of Henry Clay.

HIGH PRICE FOR SLAVES.—The Danville (Va.) *Republican*, of Friday last, says:

"At a Commissioner's sale, a few days since, in this neighbourhood, a negro man was sold for $1,270, and a negro woman, with a child eight months old, for $1,310—the rest of them, twelve in number, for proportionately high prices, though the above were the largest of any two of them.

THE BURNS CASE.—The amount paid by the Secretary of the Treasury to the military of Boston, for services at the rendition of the fugitive Anthony Burns, some months back, was only $13,115 78.

The *Tribune* says: "A similar distribution of plunder is recorded in the New Testament, though we believe the soldiers themselves cast lots on that occasion, instead of waiting for the distribution from the Roman treasury."

THE SUSPECTED SLAVER.—The vessel George H. Townsend, detained on the charge of having been employed as a slaver, was yesterday released to her owners by the U. S. Marshal on the proper stipulations being entered into, and bonds given to the amount of $5,000 to answer any damages that may be sustained in the prosecution of the suitors. Capt. J. P. Hutchinson became the surety.—*Daily Times, Dec.* 28.

AUTHORSHIP OF 'IDA MAY.'—The Portland *Inquirer* having announced, on "competent authority," that Mrs. MARY IDE TORREY, widow of the late Charles T. Torrey, was the author of 'Ida May,' that lady corrects the mistake in the Boston *Telegraph*, under her own name. So, the secret is not yet disclosed.

FEMALES OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.—At a meeting held at the Broadway House last evening, for the relief of the destitute, Mr. Fountain stated that there are at the present time twenty-seven thousand females out of employment in this city. Subscriptions have been opened, and already about two thousand dollars have been given for their assistance. Among the donors are mentioned Wm. B. Astor, Stephen Whitney, Grinnell, Minturn & Co., Oliphant & Sons, and others. It is proposed to solicit subscriptions to the amount of thirty thousand dollars.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

FEMALE BOOK-KEEPERS.—A report from the Superintendent of Schools, presented to the Board of Education, on the 29th ult., recommended the employment of competently educated females as book-keepers, such occupation being well adapted to the female mind; while its quiet, stillness and method combine to render it congenial and agreeable. "Why may not, therefore," the report inquires, "the teachers and pupils of the Female Department of our schools prepare themselves for this employment, and thereby open up a new and profitable avenue of occupation for the sex?"

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Hon. A. P. Butler has been re-elected Senator from South Carolina. It is reported that Mr. Durer, a cotton factor of Charleston, has failed for half a million of dollars. The Committee on coloured population in the Legislature reported a bill to amend the law against coloured seamen who come into the ports of that State. It provides that instead of being imprisoned, they shall give bonds and be permitted to remain on board the vessels in which they arrive. The Committee on the Judiciary has reported against giving the election of Governor and Lieut. Governor to the people.

THE FEMALE SEX IN CALIFORNIA.—There would seem to be among the females, as well as the men of California, some hard customers. The attempt of Lola Montez to horsewhip an editor formed an item of California news by the last arrival preceding that of the Northern Light. Since then we learn that, in the very same saloon where that affair occurred, some other woman (name not given) fired three shots of a revolver at a man whom she suspected of cheating her at cards. Mrs. Mary A. Woods was fined $50, by the Recorder at San Francisco, for an assault and battery with a cowhide on C. A. James.

OUR BELIEF.—We Fugitive-law men, do believe it to be our duty to submit to every ordinance of man in the fear of God. Moreover, we take for our pattern, judges who fulfilled the very letter of the law given by the chief priests and Pharisees a few days before the passover. "Not that if any man knew where Jesus was, he should show it that they might take him."

And we hope to obtain as a recompense thirty pieces of silver or more. But we sincerely desire to escape the doom of Judas, and we think we shall, because we study the Bible, and are perfectly conscientious in all that we do.

CRISPUS.

MADISON, Ct., Dec. 18, 1854.—*Independent.*

KANSAS.—Slavery is already there. The *missionaries hold slaves.* The Shawnees and other Indians hold slaves. The Missourians have already gone there with slaves. Slaves are bought and taken into the territory. *Every newspaper*, up to this date, *actually published in the territory*, is an *advocate of slavery.*

The Chaplain at Fort Leavenworth has published a defence of slavery, entitled, "Slavery consistent with the Bible and Christianity" (a copy of which I will send you), and is circulating this in tract form over the Territory. All the border papers advocate slavery in Kanzas, and several have recently been started for this express purpose.—*Christian Age.*

GOOD PRICES FOR NEGROES.—The pressure in the money market seems not to affect the price of slaves and the demand for lands. C. C. Magruder, Esq., administrator of Margaret A. Ghiselin, sold at public sale, on Wednesday last, in Prince George's County, Md., two negro men and two boys—one for $1,365, another for $1,425, one for $1,150, and a fourth for $1,120. In the present state of the money market these may be considered as very high prices, being sold for cash. The same gentleman sold, on Friday last, at private sale, the real estate of the late Robert Ghiselin, "Part of Brookfield," containing 360 acres, for $13,680—or $38 per acre.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO THE DAUGHTER OF THE POET DANA.—On Monday, as Miss Charlotte—daughter of Richard H. Dana, Esq., the poet, who resides at No. 43 Chestnut street—was crossing the Common in the direction of West street, from Beacon street, she was run down by a sled, and while prostrate a second sled came upon her. The runners struck her on the back of the head, making a bad lacerated wound, but not fracturing the skull. She was conveyed to her father's house, and was insensible for four hours; but under the skillful care of the family physician, Dr. Stedman, she rallied and became conscious, and was this morning so much better that confident hopes are entertained of her recovery.—*Boston Transcript, 27th. Dec.*

REORGANIZATION OF FEDERAL COURTS.—A bill has passed the House of Representatives at Washington for reorganizing the Courts of that District. We are not informed as to the details, but the effect is, to oust all the present judges. Congress having its hand in, is said to be getting ready to get rid of an incapable judge by abolishing his district, and substituting two in place of it. We are glad to see these precedents established. There is no department of the government that needs such a thorough reform as the Judiciary, from the Supreme Court downward. One of these days we hope to see a sweeping measure for the reform of the Judiciary, by a reorganization of the Courts throughout the Union, dispensing with all the present judges.—*Boston Telegraph.*

SLAVE MOTHERS AND THEIR OFFSPRING.—We notice with pleasure that Mr. C. M. Johnson has introduced a bill, in the lower house of the Legislature of this State, to prevent the separation by sale of a slave mother and her children, where the children are under 5 years of age. The proposition is considerate and just, as well as humane, and we earnestly hope it will receive the concurrence of the Legislature.—*Georgetown (Ky.) Herald.*

[Such efforts to civilize the barbarous slave-code are an emphatic contradiction of the common assertion, that the Abolition movement has made the condition of the slaves worse. The slaveholders, being arraigned at the bar of public opinion, are put upon their best behaviour, and constrained to treat their slaves with greater kindness.—*Eds. Standard.*]

The *Express* thus discourses:

"The black man living or born on the *free* soil of the *free* State of New York cannot understand why he should not be permitted to approach the ballot-box on the same footing with Patrick, or Hans, or Monsieur, who has only been five years in America. The man with the ebon skin has to pay as good as $250 for the privilege, while all sorts of 'foreign relations' go scot free. Now the coloured folks say—as that is not the 'freedom' nor the 'liberty' you Northerners are always telling the slaveholders at the South to give to the Africans there—why not let us see your charity begin at home—just for once?"

Answer—The "Northerners who are always telling the slaveholders at the South to give freedom to the Africans there" are already and always in favour of Equal Rights for All Men here. It is such "Northerners" (with Southern principles) as control the *Express* that prevent the extension of Political Franchises to "the black man born on the *free* soil of the Free State of New York." The *Express* knows this perfectly well—why does it seek to befog it?—*Trib.*

THE OLD CRY.—Parker Pillsbury, in a recent letter to the editor of the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, says:

"Scotland is full of alarm at the infidelity of American Abolitionists. It seems to me, all the Voltaires and Rosseaus of France could not so have alarmed the eighteenth century. The people can have no idea how few of us there are, on the one hand, and how obscure and unpretending the most of us are, on the other. All Judea, and, indeed, the Roman Empire, quaking under the tread of scarce a dozen fishermen, could not have presented a spectacle more instructive. It is more than a mere Hebrew Pastoral, when it is told how one man may chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. He is indeed dim of sight who cannot see the final issue from the beginning, when an immense, a popular and wealthy Church stands in awe of a few poor men and women, who have nothing in the wide world to recommend them but their lives and their principles. So long as such men as Dr. Pennington, of the slave-trading and slaveholding Presbyterian Church of America, travel in this realm, we shall only be called infidels."

THE WOMEN OF OTSEGO.—The correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune*, Otsego, Allegan Co., Michigan, Dec. 15, says, "Hurrah for the women of Otsego! Thirty strong, and backed up by some fifty men, the women of this town recently turned out, and went to work for the practical enforcement of our Prohibitory Liquor Law, which had been evaded by designing men in our midst for the sake of gain. The women marched to the 'groggeries' with axe in hand, and soon cleared the rum-barrels of their alcoholic contents, demolishing the barrels, and spilling out the 'rum.' Two 'groceries' were served thus. The women then proceeded to the village tavern and compelled Moses, the landlord, to give up his illicit trade in the contraband article—threatening to serve him as they had the other groggeries. He promised to accede to the wishes of the ladies. The chief heroine was Osmand Smith's wife. The women will be brought before the Court; but there can be nothing done to them, as they have the sympathy of the great majority of the people of the county, and no county has suffered more from the pernicious effects of the liquor traffic than has Allegan."

TOUCHING.—Our hearts have been touched with reading the sorrows of the St. Louis *Intelligencer*. Other railroads cut up people's farms, throw their "fences out of square," and depreciate property until they get fairly under way. But the underground railroad works most mischief after it is in successful operation. It ruins property and makes hearty negroes that are worth their $800 or $1,000 each, valueless as so many free blacks. Hear the *Intelligencer*:

"We were weak enough two years ago to buy a negro man in Kentucky on his own and his white friends' entreaties, to bring him to St. Lo[illegible] his 'beloved wife' was. We bought him, paid for him, and brought him here—and hugged ourself for having a human heart that pitied the sorrows of even a poor darkey, who was 'separated from the wife of his bosom.' But, lo! in a few brief weeks, the grateful and affectionate Kentucky darkey fled from the coveted embraces of his 'dear wife,' and sought refuge in the more loving arms of Chicago Abolitionists! We have had no attack of nigger humanity since, and feel ourselves cured for life."

We call our times "hard"—what shall we call them in Missouri?—*N. Y. Times.*

COLOURED HEROES OF THE LAST WAR.—The editor of the Pittsburg *Dispatch* has been examining an old Pittsburg *Mercury*, of March 9th, 1814, in which, among other items of War news of that day, he finds the following. The Privateer General Tompkins had returned home after a brush and escape from an English frigate. The only persons killed on the General Tompkins were two coloured seamen, John Johnson, and John Davis, whose sailor heroism the Captain compliments as follows:

"The name of one of my poor fellows who was killed ought to be registered in the books of Fame and remembered with reverence as long as bravery is considered a virtue. He was a black man by the name of John Johnson. A 24-pound shot struck him in the hip, and took away all the lower part of his body. In this state the poor brave fellow lay on the deck, and several times exclaimed to his shipmates, 'Fire away my boys!—No hal a colour down!'

"The other was also a black man by the name of John Davis, and was struck in much the same way. He fell near me, and several times requested to be thrown overboard, saying, 'He was only in the way of others.' Whilst America has such tars, she has little to fear from the tyrants of Europe."

But in this day what have such tars not to fear from the tyrants of America?—*Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

DONATION FOR THE POOR.—HON. W. E. HELPENSTEIN being in possession of

Miscellaneous Department.

A POEM FOR THE TIMES.

"BORRROBOOLA GHA."

A STRANGER preached last Sunday,
And crowds of people came
To hear a two-hour sermon
With a barbarous sounding name;
'Twas all about some heathens,
Thousands of miles afar,
Who live in a land of darkness,
Called "Borrroboola Gha."

So well their wants he pictured,
That when the plates were passed,
Each list'ner felt his pockets,
And goodly sums were cast;
For all must lend a shoulder
To push the rolling car
That carries light and comfort
To "Borrroboola Gha."

That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And deep in meditation
I took my morning stroll;
Till something caught my mantle
With eager grasp and wild,
And, looking down with wonder,
I saw a little child,

A pale and puny creature,
In rags and dirt forlorn;
What could she want, I questioned,
Impatient to be gone.
With trembling voice she answered,
"We live just down the street,
And mammy she's a dyin',
And we've nothing left to eat."

Down in a wretched basement,
With mould upon the walls,
Thro' whose half-burried windows
God's sunshine never falls;
Where cold, and want, and hunger,
Crouched near her as she lay,
I found a fellow-creature,
Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table,
A bed of dirty straw,
A hearth all dark and cheerless—
But these I scarcely saw;
For the mournful sight before me,
The sad and sick'ning show—
Oh, never had I pictured
A scene so full of woe—

The famished and the naked,
The babes that pine for bread,
The squalid group that huddled
Around the dying bed;
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar;
Was I suddenly transplanted
To "Borrroboola Gha?"

Ah, lo! the poor and wretched
Were close behind the door,
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before.
Alas for the cold and hungry
That met me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away!

There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know;
Our Lord commands his servants
Through all the world to go,
Not only for the heathen;
This was his charge to them—
"Go preach the word, beginning
First at Jerusalem."

O! Christian, God has promised
Whoe'er to thee has given
A cup of pure cold water
Shall find reward in Heaven.
Would you secure the blessing,
You need not seek it far;
Go, find in yonder hovel
A "Borrroboola Gha."

Oswego, December 5, 1854. [*Albany Atlas.*

ANECDOTES OF FOOTE.

PROVOST GOWER was a pedant of the most uncompromising school, and Foote would present himself to receive his reprimand with great apparent gravity and submission, but with a large dictionary under his arm; when, on the Doctor beginning in his usual pompous manner with a surprisingly long word, he would immediately interrupt him, and after begging pardon with great formality, would produce his dictionary, and pretending to find the meaning of the word would say, "Very well, sir, now please to go on."

Being asked what impression was conveyed to him by the condition of the Irish peasantry, he declared that it had settled a question which before had been a constant plague to him, and he now knew what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes.

He used wittily to give as his laughing excuse for bachelorhood, that you must count a lady's age as you do a hand at picquet, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, *sixty*; and he had no ambition to wake up one morning, and find himself matched so unequally for the whole length of a life.

There was in Garrick a kind of weakness which Foote's jokes never spared, and of which we have heard some whimsical examples from the poet and wit who is happily still the living link between that age and our own. At the Chapter coffee-house, Foote and his friends were making a contribution for the relief of a poor fellow, a decayed player, who was nick-named the Captain of the Four Winds because his hat was worn into four spouts. Each person of the company dropped his mite into the hat, as it was held out to him. "If Garrick hears of this," exclaimed Foote, "he will send us *his* hat." He had a small bust of Garrick placed upon his bureau. "You may be surprised," said he, "that I allow him to be so near my gold; but you will observe he has no hands?"

At one of Macklin's absurd Lectures on the Ancients, the lecturer was solemnly composing himself to begin, when a buzz of laughter from where Foote stood ran through the room, and Macklin, thinking to throw the laugher off his guard, and effectually for that night disarm his ridicule, turned to him with this question in his most severe and pompous manner. "Well, Sir, you seem to be very merry there, but do you know what I am going to say, now?" "No, Sir," at once replied Foote; *pray do you?*" One night at his friend Delavel's, when the glass had been circulating freely, one of the party would suddenly have fixed a quarrel upon him for his indulgence of personal satire. "Why what would you have" exclaimed Foote, good-humouredly putting it aside: "of course I take all my friends off, but I use them no worse than myself, I take *myself* off. "Gadso!" cried the malcontent, "that I should like to see;" upon which Foote took up his hat and left the room.

No one could so promptly overthrow an assailant; so quietly rebuke an avarice or meanness; so effectually "abate and dissolve" any ignorant affectation or pretension. "Why do you attack my weakest part?" he asked, of one who had raised a laugh against what Johnson calls his *depeditation*: "did I ever say anything about your head?" Dining when in Paris with Lord Stormont, that thrifty Scotch peer, then ambassador, as usual produced his wine in the smallest decanters and dispensed it in the smallest glasses, enlarging all the time on its exquisite growth and its enormous age. "It is very little of its age," said Foote, holding up his diminutive glass. A stately and silly country squire was regaling a large party with a number of fashionable folk he had visited that morning. "And amoug the rest," he said, "I called upon my good friend the Earl of Chol-mon-dely, but he was not at home." "That is exceedingly surprising," said Foote; "what! nor none of his pe-o-ple?" Being in company when Hugh Kelly was mightily boasting of the power he had as a reviewer of distributing literary reputation to any extent, "Don't be too prodigal of it," he quietly interposed, "or you may leave none for yourself." The then Duke of Cumberland (the *foolish* Duke, as he was called) came one night to the green-room at the Haymarket Theatre. "Well, Foote," said he, "here I am, ready, as usual, to swallow all your good things." "Really," replied Foote, "your royal highness must have an excellent digestion, for you never bring up any again." "Why are you forever humming that air?" he asked a man without a sense of tune in him. "Because it haunts me." "No wonder," said Foote: "you are forever murdering it." One of Mrs. Montague's blue-stocking ladies fastened upon him at one of the routs in Portman-square with her views of *Locke on the Understanding*, which she protested she admired above all things; only there was one particular word very often repeated which she could not distinctly make out, and that was the word (pronouncing it very long) "*idea*; but I suppose it comes from a Greek derivation." "You are perfectly right, Madame," said Foote, "it comes from the word *ideaneski*." "And pray, Sir, what does that mean?" "The feminine of idiot, Madame." Much bored by a pompous physician at Bath, who confined to him as a great secret that he had a great mind to publish his own poems, but had so many irons in the fire he really did not well know what to do; "Take my advice, Doctor," says Foote, "and put your poems where your irons are." Not less distressed on another occasion by a mercantile man of his acquaintance, who had also not only written a poem but exacted a promise that he would listen to it, and who mercilessly stopped to tax him with inattention even before advancing beyond the first pompous line, "*Hear me, O Phœbus an'd ye Muses nine!* pray, pray be attentive Mr. Foote." "I am," said Foote; "nine and one are ten; go on!"

After running through one of his fortunes Foote was in difficult straits for money, and was induced to listen to the overtures of a small-beer brewer, who, in consideration of his large social acquaintance and unbounded popularity, offered him a sleeping-partner's share in the profits of the concern if he would but recommend the beer among his friends. Fitzherbert was one of the friends who took it, in consequence; but it became so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it, though they found themselves at some loss in what way to notify their resolution. Knowing Foote's connection with the beer, they were afraid of offending their master, by whom they also knew Foote to be much cherished as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favourite, to be their deputy, and delivered their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small beer no longer. As fortune would have it, however, on that day, Foote happened to dine at Fitzherbert's and this boy served at the table; when he was so delighted with Foote's stories, and merriment, and grimace, that when he went down stairs he told them, "This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small beer."

Foote's jokes against attorneys would fill a volume, but space may be spared for the grave communication he made to a simple country farmer, who had just buried a rich relation, an attorney, and who was complaining to him of the very great expenses of a country funeral, in respect to carriages, hat-bands, scarfs, etc. "Why, do you bury your attorneys here?" asked Foote. "Yes, to be sure we do: how else?"—"Oh! we never do that in London." "No!" said the other, much surprised; "how do you manage?" "Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off." "Indeed!" said the other, in amazement, "what becomes of him?" "Why, that we cannot exactly tell; all we know is, there's a *stong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning.*"

After the performance of the *Contract*, taken by Dr. Thomas Franklin from the *Triple Marriage* of Destouches, when Foote lighted the King to his chair, his Majesty asked who the piece was written by? "By one of your Majesty's chaplains," said Foote, unable even then to suppress his wit; "and dull enough to have been written by a bishop."—*Musical World.*

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ONCE the Emperor CHARLES of Spain,
With his swarthy, grave commanders,
I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged in mud and rain
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.

Thus, as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses'
Mane or tail, or dragons' crest,
Found on hedgerows, east or west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his grey mustachio,
"Sure, this swallow over-head
Thinks our Emperor's tent a shed,
And our Emperor but a macho."*

Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with these words of malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"
Said he, solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
Adding then, by way of jest:
"Golondrino† is my guest—
'Tis the wife of some deserter."

Swift as bow-string speeds a shaft
Through the camp was spread the rumour;
And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish beer, at dinner, laughed
At the Emperor's pleasant humour.

So, unharmed and unafraid,
There the swallow sat and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made,
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents, as if disbanding;
Only not the Emperor's tent—
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly: "Leave it standing!"

And it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone,
That the cannon-shot had shattered.

* MACHO—The Spanish for mule.
† GOLONDRINO, in Spanish, means a swallow and a deserter.

—*From the "Knickerbocker Gallery."*

From the Evening Post.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

MY CHILDREN IN UTOPIA.

IT was Christmas-eve, and I was seated in my easy chair, drawn up before the blazing wood-fire in my quiet study, lost in a golden reverie. Beautiful pictures of long ago, kept green in memory through many twilight musings, were passing before me. The present, too, with its cheerful realities, and the far-off future, with its hopeful plans, came to fill my heart with happiness. How long my reverie lasted I scarcely know, but I was suddenly aroused from it by seeing the old oak door—that door which had been closed for many a year, that passed into the chamber where my mother died—slowly open, and timidly and noiselessly come forth my two little ones, Mary and Fanny. By what means they had obtained ingress into that long-deserted room, the key of which I keep in the private drawer of my secretary, I never thought to ask. So I seated them, one on either knee, while they twined their little arms carressingly about my neck, and, kissing me with their red lips, said they had come for papa to tell them some Christmas stories. I felt that God had been very kind in bestowing upon me two such precious gifts.

Mary, my elder child, has the dark hair and the sparkling black eyes of her mother, and the very look which, in my early manhood, had such power to draw me to that mother's side. Fanny, my baby-girl, has light hair and mild, blue eyes, and resembles—for so I think when in a musing mood—a fair dream of my boyhood, which faded into the shadow-land long before I knew how to distinguish between love and sisterly affection. Mary is all vivacity and life; Fanny is reserved and quiet; Mary laughs aloud, Fanny only smiles; Mary moves about our home like a singing bird, Fanny like a gleam of sunshine.

"And what," asked I, "shall papa tell to his little daughters?"

"Oh," said Mary, quickly, "first of all tell us those funny verses about Santa Claus coming down the chimney, dressed in furs, carrying a big pack on his back and with a pipe in his teeth, to fill our stockings."

"And then," said Fanny, "please repeat, papa, that pretty hymn of the shepherds sitting on the ground watching their flocks by night, when the angel appeared and told them of Christ's coming."

And so, while I repeated good Bishop Moore's well-known Christmas verses, they listened quietly, and when I ended, Mary exclaimed, clapping her hands with childish glee:

"Oh, how I should like to see Santa Claus and the reindeers! And don't you think, papa, that if I should sit up to-night for Saint Nick and ask him to give me a large wax doll, with eyes that open and shut, just like the one Cousin Nina has, he would do it?"

"And me a book, full of pictures and pretty stories?" chimed in Fanny.

I had not the heart to tell them that Santa Claus was but an imaginary being, for I consider that these mysteries of our childhood—this belief in faries and good spirits—are of too poetical and beautiful a nature to be rudely disenchanted of at an early age. The ideals of our childhood disappear fast enough before the actualities of life. So I promised my little ones that I would speak to the old saint in their behalf, while they, nestled snugly in bed, should be dreaming of dolls and books, and I donbted not but their wishes would be gratified. Here Mary kissed my cheek and called me her good papa, while Fanny laid her head upon my shoulder and looked up into my face, her mild eyes beaming with gratitude.

They were both very quiet and attentive while I repeated the Christmas hymn; and when I had finished it, they asked me for another, and then another, till I quite exhausted my stock of hymns and carols, and had to bring my inventive powers to the task in conjuring suitable stories for the Christmas-eve. I remember I told them tales wherein the words plum-pudding and mince-pies, roast turkey and flagons of ale, the yule log and wassail bowl had prominent place. But I found that they both loved best to hear me tell of things that happened many long years before to myself, when I was a little boy, and hung up my stocking o' Christmas-eves; and, among other stories, I told them how, when I was a very small lad, not bigger than Fanny, I had gone with their great-grandmother Gray to the house of an old friend of hers, who lived in the country, to spend the holidays. It was Christmas-eve when we arrived, and, as we had ridden a long distance, in an open sleigh, I was very tired and sleepy, and so, soon after supper, I asked to be put to bed. Here Mary interrupted me to say that I must have been a very, very little boy indeed to want to go to bed so early on Christmas-eve, and that, for her part, she shouldn't have been sleepy in the least; but would have liked to sit up all night. This I knew was intended as a hint for me to allow both Fanny and herself to stay up beyond their usual bed-time; so I let the hour go by without dismissing them, and continued my story.

The chamber which I was to occupy with my grandmother was a very large one, filled with old-fashioned furniture; and I remember she told me that the greater part of it came over in the Mayflower, along with the Pilgrim Fathers; and while she undressed me, she told me a long story about Captain Miles Standish and Governor Carver, and the Indians, and Plymouth Rock, the greater portion of which I can still recall to mind. Here Mary wanted me to tell her what it was, but Fanny said, "No, wait till papa has finished telling us about himself." So I continued as follows:

"There seemed to my sleepy little eyes to be quite an army of chairs ranged about the room, and, with their high, straight backs and long, slender legs, they looked so strange, it was difficult for me to keep from watching them. I half expected to see them step out into the middle of the room and make formal bows to each other. There was a large black-walnut bookcase on one side of the room, filled with great dusty volumes, that looked as if they could never have been read; and I recollect walking boldly up to it, in my night-gown, and finding that the books on the lowest shelf were just as tall as I was, and wondering whether I would ever be able to read such huge volumes."

Here Fanny clapped her hands, and wanted to know if, when I came to be a man, I had ever seen those great books again; and whether or not they had many pictures in them. So I told her that some of those same books were now in my library, and that they were the very ones she and Mary so often, of rainy Sundays, were fond of looking at, and having me explain the pictures to them. This piece of news seemed to astonish them very much, so that they both got down and went to the bookcase to look at those wonderful books, which, so many years before, I had wondered at, when a little boy. They were very anxious to know how it came to pass that I now owned them, and I told them that, one day, the good old lady, their grandmother's friend, who first possessed them, died, when all her furniture and books were sold, and I had bought these with many others. Here Fanny said, "Poor old lady," and crossed her little arms meekly over her breast, looking up into my face most piteously, while her eyes filled with tears. But Mary asked, "Where was her husband? why didn't he keep her books?" So I had to tell her that he had been a soldier, but was killed at the battle of Bunker's Hill, soon after their marriage.

At length I continued: "Among other things in the chamber that particularly attracted my attention were several portraits, in gilt frames, upon the walls, so old and dusky that I thought to myself, 'They, too, must have come over in the Mayflower.' There were two oval-framed mirrors in the room, and a great bunch of peacocks' feathers in one corner. But the bedstead itself was the crowning wonder; so grand and gloomy did it look, that I quite feared to sleep in it. Heavy, blue velvet curtains surrounded it on every side, upheld by four tall posts at the corners. When my grandmother, however, parted the curtains in the middle, and roofed them up at the sides with the great silk tassel, thereby revealing the white counterpane and lace-edged pillow-cases, I began to think that there might be a worse place for sleeping in than that would prove to be. So raised was the bed from the floor that I had to be lifted into it, as it quite excelled my powers of climbing, even by the aid of a chair. When I sunk down in the feathers, I could but just see the top of my grandmother's turban, as she stood at the bedside smoothing the coverlet about me.

"After I had repeated my prayers, and my grandmother had gone down stairs, and I was left alone, with only the ticking of the clock upon the mantel and the light of the blazing wood-fire upon the hearth to keep me company, I remembered that it was Christmas-eve, and that, occupied as I had been, I had forgotten to hang up my stocking."

Here Mary got down from my knee and crept quietly to the chimney corner, where she hung up a clean, white stocking, with which her mother had provided her, and coming back, laughing, said she wouldn't forget such a thing for all the world.

"Nor will I," said Fanny, "so soon as papa finishes his story." So I kissed my little daughters, and continued:

"What to do I did not know. I could not get out of bed with any certainty of being able to get back again; and as for going to sleep with never a stocking hanging for Santa Claus to fill, it was not to be thought of. So I determined to keep wide awake till either the good saint or my grandmother should arrive; but I found it very difficult for my sleepy eyes to keep open, as every few moments the old sandman came along and dropped black sand into them, till first one closed and then the other, and at last, in spite of all I could do, they both shut up tight and went to sleep."

Here Mary opened her large eyes very wide, as if to let me see that no sandman had come to trouble her yet.

"After I had slept what seemed to me a long time, I was suddenly aroused by hearing the tinkling of sleigh-bells; and as I raised myself softly in bed, I saw, just by the fire-place, Santa Claus himself, like as he is described in the Christmas verses."

Here Mary clapped her hands, but Fanny nestled closer to my side.

"He appeared to be looking for my stocking, which he could not find; and just as I had mustered courage to tell him where it was, he stepped up before the portrait of a grave-looking gentleman, who wore a powdered wig and displayed an abundance of ruffles to his shirt-front and around his wrists, and asked him—these were his very words—could he tell where little Barry's stocking was hung? But no answer came from this fine gentleman; he only shook his head and seemed to draw back into the depth of the canvas. So Santa Claus put the same question to the next portrait, which was that of a prim and starched gentlewoman, evidently the wife of the first; but she only pursed up her lips and said nothing. So he questioned the third, a jolly-looking person, with a red nose and yellow waistcoat with gilt buttons, who nodded and winked in return, but spoke not a word. At last, in despair, he turned to the portait of a dainty-looking creature, dressed in white satin, with a red rose on her breast, and who had golden hair and blue eyes, and a delicate pink nose that turned up towards the ceiling very prettily; but she only simpered and cast down her eyes, and evidently wanted to get up a flirtation with the good saint. But he seemed so indignant at the treatment he received, that he turned his back upon her and would have gone off in a rage had I not softly wished him a merry Christmas."

"Oh, papa, how brave you must have been," said Fanny; "I am sure I wouldn't have dared to speak to him."

"Pshaw," exclaimed Mary, "I would, and I'd have told him, too, exactly what I wanted."

"Well, my children," I continued, "my greeting acted like a charm, for he instantly opened his pack and took from it toys, and books, and candy, which he put upon the table at the bedside. Just as he finished, a loud gush of music came up from the rooms below, and, quickly shouldering his pack, he passed, with a 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, directly up the chimney, and the next moment I saw the shadow of his sleigh and reindeers glide across the frosted window-panes, while, with a beating heart, full of wild wishes for the morrow to come, again I fell asleep."

As I finished my story, a soft hand was placed over my eyes, and a fond voice exclaimed, "Barry, Barry, what a sad romancer you are! How can you fill our children's minds with such foolish tales?" But I soothed my too matter-of-fact wife with the promise of a set of furs on the morrow, and, taking her hand in mine, drew her to the chair beside me. Fanny crept close to her mother, and, putting up her rosy lips for a kiss, told her not to scold dear papa. And so, with the fire-light still flickering on the wall, and the wind roaring and blustering without, we passed our Christmas-eve. And still I repeated many a pleasant tale, and my sweet wife sung many an olden song, and the children prattled on my knees.

But as the midnight came, the light grew dim, the fire mouldered on the hearth, the songs and stories ceased, and the children's prattle died away. And as I stretched out my hand to take my wife's in mine, I groped about in vain; my little Mary's arm no longer clasped my neck, nor Fanny's head rested upon my shoulder. I started up and found that all had been a dream—that wife and children of mine lived not yet upon the earth, but had place only in that far-off and sunny land of Utopia, where so many men's possessions and treasures ever remain.

But I heard the church-bells ringing midnight, and proclaiming to all the world the glad tidings, "that unto us this night is born, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." And my voice joined in the mighty chorus, which from all Christendom arose, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good will toward men."

BARRY GRAY.

New York, December, 1854.

MAUD MULLER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from every tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ancles bare and brown;

And hastened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Spoke a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day,

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay!

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues.

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door,

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall.

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney-lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love and law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

—*National Era, Dec.* 28.

From the Dublin Nation.

DEAN SWIFT AND THE COBBLER.

IT happened that the Dean was one day passing through Patrick's Close, when he espied a cobbler hard at work in his stall. Poor Crispin, though half naked, was singing away like a lark, and hammering at the heel of an old shoe with an apparent lightness of heart that astonished the Dean when he contemplated the merry wretche's obvious misery.

"Friend," said the Dean, pausing in his walk at the stall, and addressing him, "you seem to be very poor; but then you seem to be very merry."

"It's not mirth, sir," replied the cobbler—"I'm singin' for the children in the cellar below."

"How is that?" asked the Dean; "I don't understand you."

"Why, sir," said the man, "whenever the poor things are hungry, and have nothing to eat, I sing droll songs for them, in order to make them forget the hunger."

"What family have you?"

"Not many, sir—only twelve or thirteen, or so—but, plase God, there's a good time comin'—Nelly, sir, has her gifts—and, between you and me, is a valuable subject to her Majesty—as for myself, God help me, I'm obliged to keep hammering away at the leather as well as I can—just as you see me, sir, at the heel of this old shoe."

"And have you no prospect," asked the Dean, "of improving your condition in life?"

"If there be such a prospect, sir," replied the cobbler, "I have not been able to catch a glimpse of it yet; but I suppose you have heard the proverb of our trade, sir—once a cobbler, always a cobbler."

"The proverb is a bad one," observed the Dean, "and strikes at the very root of industry."

"It does n't touch me at all events—for as far as industry goes I'm a pattern to the neighbourhood; but, unfortunately, the harder I work, the poorer I get. However, we have one comfort, which is, that there's a better world before us, and that we are preparing ourselves for it."

"How is that?" asked the Dean.

"Why, sir, fasting and prayer are the best means of working out our salvation. It's true, indeed, we have n't time to pray much, but we make it up in the fastin'—as for my own part, since I cannot fast and pray, I fast and sing."

"Oh, ho!" thought the Dean, "this is a character; I must try him a little further. What did you mean by saying, the harder you work the poorer you get?"

"Nothing's plainer, sir; my family's growin' up, and the employment goes down; you may understand me without a dictionary."

"Well, then," said the Dean, "suppose a friend were to enable you to lay in a quantity of leather, and all the necessary materials for making shoes, let me ask, could you *make* them?"

"Could Dane Swift write a ballad?—'Ye people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come listen with patience, and hear out my ditty;
At this time I'll choose to be wiser than witty,
Which nobody can deny.'

"God bless the Dane, at any rate—by puttin' down Wood and his halfpence he saved me from bankruptcy; I should have closed my stall only for him. But, after all, he deprived me of a good berth of it."

"What berth?" asked the other.

"Why, sir, the post of *Solicitor-General* that I had in my eye at the time; but faith he stopped my promotion. However, divil may care for that—I can hammer the leather still, if the work would only come in.

'The halfpence are coming, the nation's undoing;
There's an end of your ploughing, your baking, and brewing;
In short, you must all go to wreck and to ruin,
Which nobody can deny.'"

The Dean began to feel more than amusement in his chat with the merry cobbler, and after some further conversation, he said—

"Well, now, you comical rogue, do you know Dean Swift?"

"Not by person, sir; that's a pleasure that's before me yet; but I know him well by carrecther."

"What do you know about him?" asked the Dean.

"Why, that he's a true friend to Ireland and her people, and an enemy to all oppressors.

'Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
And rich men, and poor men, and free men, and thrall men;
Will suffer; and this man, and that man, all men,
Which nobody can deny.'

"Faith," he added, "if he wanted a carrecther, and came to me for one, he would have no reason to complain of it."

"Well, now," said the Dean, "you seem to be a merry, honest fellow, and I think if you were assisted to improve your condition, that the assistance would not be thrown away upon you."

"Well, I think not," replied the cobbler, "I'm a good deal of that notion myself. Honesty, industry, and good-humour runs in our family; but, somehow or other, poverty insists on being a relative as well as the others, and sticks to us like wax."

"Suppose, now," said the Dean, "that I lend you the sum of ten pounds, to buy leather and commence shoemaking, will you promise to pay me at the rate of half-a-crown a week?"

"I can only give you my word for it at the present time," replied the cobbler; "but you'll find I'll keep it."

"Well, then," said the Dean, opening his pocket-book, "here are ten pounds for you, which I give, trusting you will make good use of them."

"You are Dane Swift," said the cobbler, "for no other man would do such an act as this."

"I am," replied the Dean, "and will further befriend you if you deserve it. Now, good-bye, and be industrious."

"Asy, your reverence," replied the cobbler. "I can't part from you that way. Down to my cellar you must come, till Nelly and the childer sees you, or I give up the money. It's the honour of the thing I look to—and, besides, I have a duty to discharge. Come, your reverence, don't be ashamed? it 'll be no longer a cellar while you're in it, but a charming room; and for the same raison, you must get drawing-room treatment—besides, I have an ould custom of the country to fulfil."

The Dean, whose curiosity was excited to know more about a man whom he looked upon as an original, suffered himself to be prevailed upon, and descended into the cellar. After the cobbler had introduced Nelly and the Dean to each other, he whispered to the former, into whose hands he thrust the ten-pound note; and in a few minutes she returned *with a bottle of claret!*

"What's this," exclaimed the Dean. "Do you expect me to drink with you?"

"We have an ould and holy custom in this country," replied the cobbler, "that the man who *gets* the *money* always *gives* the *trate*; because, you see, sir, nothing prospers when it's not done."

The Dean received a glass, and drank to his prosperity; after which he turned his steps homeward, considerably amused, and not a little mystified by the rather eccentric conduct of the Crispin. Before he went, however, he enjoined him to come to the Deanery every Saturday at an appointed hour, to pay him his weekly instalment of half-a-crown.

Accordingly, when the day and hour came, he presented himself at the hall-door, stating that he wished to see the Dean upon business.

"You, you rascal," returned the servant; "have you the assurance to suppose that Dr. Swift could have any business with you, unless through the servants."

"I come by his own appointment," replied the cobbler, "and it's not unlikely, if you refuse to bring the message, that you may find a slippery stone at his door. You ought to know him, I think. His reverence took a glass of claret with me this day week in my own place. If you know who the Dean is, remember, you don't know who *I* am."

With some difficulty the man went up and delivered the message; when, much to his surprise, the Dean immediately desired the man to be shown up to the drawing-room, where he happened to be sitting.

"Well," said the Dean, "I am glad to find that you are likely to be punctual in your payments."

"Sir," returned the cobbler, "you will find me here as regularly as Saturday comes. There's the first half-crown."

"That is very right," said the Dean; "nothing like punctuality and honesty."

The Dean, who was reading, then resumed his book, feeling naturally certain that the man, now that the affair between them had been transacted, would, of course, have gone about his business—but in this he was mistaken, for the cobbler held his ground.

"Pray, why do you wait?" asked the Dean, at length; "have you not paid the money?"

"No doubt of that, sir," replied the cobbler, "but you cannot forget the old custom of the country—the man that *gets* the *money* always *gives* the *trate*."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Dean, "you shall have it," and as he spoke, he rang the bell.

"John," said he, when the servant entered, "give this man a glass of whiskey."

"Sir," said the cobbler, in reply, "I, though but a poor man, got you a bottle of claret, and you who are a rich one, offer me a glass of whiskey. I expect, sir, to get as good as I gave."

"And you shall, too," replied the Dean; "John, give that man a bottle of claret. Now, sir, I understand you," he added, "a bottle of claret is worth four shillings, and your weekly instalment is only half-a-crown—begone, you rascal, and never let me see your face again. I could afford to *lend* you ten pounds, but I could not afford to be *repaid* upon *your* own principle."

The tradition, however, goes on to say that the cobbler, whose name, we think, was Parker, proved himself to be an honest man, and punctually paid the money in question, which pleased the Dean so much, that he became a friend and warm supporter to him, and scrupled not to aid him with both his purse and counsel until he had the satisfaction of seeing his witty *protégé* an independent and respectable man.

A FAIR TEST APPLIED TO CLERICAL APOLOGISTS FOR WAR.—Here is a book called the New Testament, professing to contain an exhibition of the principles and the spirit of Christianity. Put that book into the hands of any man—let him be the most ignorant heathen, or the rankest infidel—and ask him his impression as to its character. Will he not say—will he not be *obliged* to say—that the spirit which pervades it is that of universal love; that it is evidently designed to check and restrain the malignant and irascible passions—anger, malice, wrath and bitterness; to inculcate kindness to all men, even to the extent of enduring wrong with patience and forbearance? Such always has been the impression produced on the minds of the heathen, to the extent, in many cases, of leading them spontaneously to renounce war of every kind as unlawful to a Christian. The testimonies of our missionaries in the South Seas, in New Zealand, in Africa, abound with confirmation of this fact.

Now, such being the manifest temper and tendency of the book, here we find a body of men expressly set apart to expound its principles, and to diffuse its influence throughout society. A conjuncture comes in the history of those nations called Christian, when the malign passions have been roused to a fearful extent. The fire of fierce resentment and wrath is everywhere smouldering and threatening to burst into a conflagration, which will envelop all Europe in its lurid and destructive light. At such a crisis as this, how do the authorized expounders of such a book conduct themselves? Some of them, no doubt, boldly stand in the breach, with solemn and sorrowful voice, to bewail and rebuke this outbreak of unholy passions. But others, instead of enforcing the admitted and notorious spirit which pervades every page of the Book—instead of insisting on those precepts so expressly pertinent to a season of angry excitement, which enjoin forbearance, moderation, and the magnanimous endurance of evil, we find setting themselves, with most elaborate ingenuity, to *explain away* the force of all such passages, and by every violent and unnatural distortion of the obvious meaning of Scripture, straining every nerve to reconcile the religion of peace to a system which appears to most men to be in direct and glaring antagonism to its whole spirit, tendency and design. This, to say the least, is an exceeding curious phenomenon, which we confess ourselves unable to explain.—*Advocate of Peace.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Dr. Phillips, the late literary critic of the *Times*, though dying under fifty, and never having any resources beyond his pen, has left £10,000 for his widow and children.

——MONUMENT TO WORDSWORTH.—A fine statue of white marble, from the chisel of Mr. Thrupp, has just been erected in Westminster Abbey, to perpetuate the memory of the poet Wordsworth. It represents the author of the "Excursion" sitting in the open air, in a contemplative mood, as if communing with nature.

——A CURIOUS PENNY.—A person belonging to Grangemouth, in getting change for a shilling, was struck with something uncommon in one of the pence. On examination, it was found that the obverse and reverse of the coin was divided, but united with a fine screw. Being opened, a half penny was enclosed, which also was divided; being opened, a farthing was enclosed, and also divided; and being opened, a half-farthing was enclosed. This elaborate penny is the same as the old heavy penny of George III.; date, 1799. —*North British Mail.*

——When the youthful Prince Regent was a Whig, he took a bet with a young Duke that a gentleman in plain clothes in another box at one of the clubs belonged to the Navy, and desired one of his "led captains," a major in the Guards, to send across a note by the waiter to ascertain the fact. The major inquired of the gentleman whether "he had been *bread* to the sea?" "No," answered the Lieutenant, afterwards Sir Isaac Coffin, "I haven't been *bread* to the sea, but the sea has been bread to me, and damn'd bad bread too."—*London Dispatch*

——THE AFRICAN RACE.—On Monday evening, a lecture was delivered at the Mechanics' Institution, Grosvenor street, by Professor Allen, a coloured gentleman from America, upon the "History and literature of the African race." The lecturer gave a brief account of the ancient people of Ethiopia, or Nubia and Egypt, and furnished many gratifying instances of the capacity of the African race, so far as their religion, morals and intellectual culture are concerned. He denied that the African is incapable of extensive mental elevation and refinement, and brought forward historical evidence to prove that Ethiopia, or Nubia, was the birthplace of religion, literature and civilization, which had spread from thence to Egypt and Greece. He mentioned the names of Augustine, the theologian, Sebastian Gomez, known as the mulatto of Murrillo, Placida, the Cuban poet, and Frederick Douglass, the eloquent Abolitionist. The lecture was ill